

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Amelia Rives' Sensational Book Made Into a Drama—Where its Interest Lies—Masterpieces of Fiction that do not Fit the Stage—Heads Turned to Greet a New Individuality in a New Dress—The Characteristics of a Unique and Hitherto Unknown Personage—The Conundrum of the Moment which Perplexes Many Minds.

The announcement was made on Sunday that Amelia Rives' sensational book, "The Quick or the Dead," had been dramatized and arrangements were being made for its production here early in the season.

This was to be expected. A book which attracts so much attention and awakens so much discussion cannot very well escape the adapter.

On Monday I learned that Mr. C. W. Durant, already known to the theatrical world as the manager of Estelle Clayton, had purchased a dramatic version of "The Quick or the Dead," and presumably he is the man to whom the Sunday paragraphs referred. It was also understood that he was in negotiation for the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in which to produce the play in September, and thus forestall all other attempts here to do the work.

Meeting Mr. Durant, I asked him concerning the truth of the stories, and he corroborated them. He does own a dramatic version of the "The Quick or the Dead," and he proposes to produce it here early in the Fall season. He refused to say who was to play it, his former management of Estelle Clayton leading me and others to suspect that she was to be the Barbara of the book.

Whether she is or is not to be, the fact remains that the story has been read by almost everybody, certainly by every actress in the land, and it is safe to say that not five of them could see any possible way of making a play out of it.

The interest of the book, and no one that I know of denies its intense interest, lies in the one character of Barbara, which is not the creation of a vivid imagination, but the transcript of an emotional and somewhat hysterical nature, which has succeeded in getting itself upon paper, as very few women, not even excepting Charlotte Bronte, have done.

And here I am reminded that "Jane Eyre" is one of the most fervid, intense portrayals of a heart struggle that was ever penned. Its fidelity to the truths of consciousness makes it as superior to anything George Eliot ever wrote as Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" is superior to anything of Black's.

The old saying that everybody can write one good book is always provocative of thanksgiving that for some reason everybody doesn't. But all the same, the old saw is true to this extent, that everybody has in his experience the material for one good book, and if possessed of literary facility he puts himself exactly and coercively into one book only. Charlotte Bronte never wrote but one "Jane Eyre" any more than Dickens wrote two "David Copperfields" or Thackeray wrote two "Vanity Fairs."

Keats' often misquoted remark that "the imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment—the character undecided, the way of life uncertain," remains true, no doubt; but the fact remains, and is nowhere so beautifully illustrated as in Keats himself, that the spontaneity of early genius has a glow and a puissance that the acquired philosophy of maturity cannot emulate.

Charles Dickens thought that "Bleak House" was a greater work of art than "David Copperfield," because he measured his pyramid by the labor it occasioned. And George Eliot estimated "Daniel Deronda" far above "The Mill on the Floss." In their judgment both Dickens and George Eliot disagreed with mankind.

It is worth noting that those books—masterpieces—in which men and women of gifted natures have poured themselves, do not, as a rule, fit the stage; for those books not only deal with the individuality and not the action of the personage, but they are so intent on getting that individuality with all its confidences before the sympathetic reader that they neglect the machinery of plot and the adjunct of dramatic personae.

The rarest and deepest novels are never dramatized. A thousand enterprising pens have hovered over "Daniel Deronda" as they

hovered over "Jane Eyre" looking for a dramatist's coin of vantage. And when it was fastened upon "Jane Eyre," and the result was played by so able an actress as Clara Morris, it failed to attract attention commensurate with the worth of the material.

Charles Reade's best books never played well. "Lost at Sea" cannot be called his any more than "White Lies." But "Griffith Gaunt" never held an audience as the book held millions of readers, and for some reason "Put Yourself in His Place," which is by all odds the best modern story, in a dramatic sense, that has seized upon the dignity of labor for a theme, has never even been attempted here, and I should as soon expect to see one of Felix Adler's lectures played as to see "Daniel Deronda" acted.

Introspection is the present fad of fiction, and there is only one successful play in the English repertoire that puts an introspective

with which the ingenuous girl prattles about the confusion is at least fresh. She loves her young man with the artlessness of a child; but she is afraid she will be whipped for it by a ghost. The amatory thrill, the magnetism of personal contact, the exaltation of the sense in the whirl of sexual delirium; the "intoxication," as she calls it, of idolatry, the eagerness of desire, are all told in Barbara with the candor of a girl and the experience of a woman. And this, let it be said without stopping to question its propriety, is new in current literature. Whatever else the authoress may be, she is not a prude or a prig, and prudishness and priggishness are the prevailing symptoms of genteel literature.

All of our purveyors of fiction undertake to treat of men and women with passions, but their art consists in keeping the passions out of sight. It is an open question whether they are ashamed of them or afraid of them.

twice and Effie Ellsler slept with it under her pillow.

Letters began to reach the authoress from unknown playwrights asking permission to adapt it, to which she never replied—the poor girl being, it is said, a little scared at the result of her own work, and—who knows?—perhaps a little ashamed of it.

A strong desire was felt among the actresses to make Barbara visible. But how? The unique creature was a Milo with bronze hair, smelling like Amphytrite's or a "fresh sponge." She was as ethereal, evanescent and capricious as a dream, but with a laugh like a true water-kelpie's.

How mix fire and dew in the stage alembic?

Who was the beautiful, passionate, delicious Hellenic idea with the lusty appetites of an Amazon and the fluctuant spirit of a mystic? And here comes the conundrum of this

even the unavailable, beginning with Anne Robe, whom we always criticised with a spoon, as we do a yellow dish of vanilla cream.

It couldn't be Robe, because she has not got a Milo figure, and I understand her hair has not got the sea taint. The eulogiums on her hair rested at new-mown hay, which doubtless had more reference to local color than to fragrance.

Could these men mean Terry?

Nonsense! Terry is phthisical. She carries a Camille cough into Marguerite and Beatrice. Barbara is vital; Terry is phantasmal.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Dan Frohman, "they mean Grace Henderson."

When this was reported to Mr. Hill he drew himself up and with great dignity said: "On my honor as a gentleman, I don't."

Then there came a sort of Round Robin from the Masconomo House by the sea, where a number of beauties are gathered under the trees rehearsing the Midsummer Night's Dream in bathing dresses. It said:

"It's a boiling book. Rives has painted her heroine red, and a red-headed woman alone can play Barbara."

Was this squinting toward Mrs. Potter?

"The imagination of a girl is healthy, and the imagination of a woman is healthy," said Janauschek, quoting Keats, "but the two healthinesses do not reside in the same person. The imagination of one can alone conceive such a book as this; the imagination of the other is necessary to embody it, and when it is embodied art takes the place of nature, which is turning the book upside down."

In all this discussion Mr. Durant remains silent.

I simply remarked to him that there was no play in the book as it stood. He replied: "I am perfectly well aware of it, otherwise everybody would be playing it."

Just as I was going to sleep last night I was roused by an infuriated knocking. I gave a look at the pallid bust of Pallas that's above my chamber door, and rushed to the entrance. A breathless man stood there.

"I came to tell you who the woman is," said he.

"Well?"

"It's Morris."

Then a voice came hoarsely to me from above my chamber door. Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."
NYM CRINKLE.

Mr. Pastor's New Theatre.

Business Manager Harry Sanderson told a MIRROR reporter the other day that the progress of the work on Tony Pastor's Theatre warranted arrangements for opening either on the 3d or 7th of September. The decorations will be in oil fresco, and of a light and pleasing character. The number of private boxes will be increased to eight, and will be set in a handsome proscenium arch with Corinthian columns, designed by F. P. Dinkelburg, the architect.

There will be no woodwork used in the construction, and the buildings laws will be strictly adhered to. The house will be partly lighted by electricity. Automatic sprinklers and other precautions against fire will be used and the boiler room will be under the sidewalk.

The seating arrangements of the theatre are to be more than ordinarily handsome. The chairs are being specially designed by Demarest and Co. They will be of blue plush and natural cherry wood. The upper boxes will have an independent stairway for each side, and will be furnished with Oriental rugs and chairs. Two extra seats twenty-six inches wide are to be provided for fat people in each row.

Mr. Pastor sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last by the Cunard steamship, bringing with him several artists, among them the Sisters Twibell. He will commence his season at the Ocean Theatre, Long Branch, on August 6.

The pieces in which the students of the department of instruction in the Madison Square school will be exercised at rehearsal on August 2 will be acts from The Joy of the House, the garden and potion scenes of Romeo and Juliet, an act from The Rivals, three acts of Led Astray, an act of Still Waters Run Deep and the last scene of Frou Frou. On August 3 the rehearsals will be from The Serious Family, King John, Colleen Bawn, Shaugraun, London Assurance, and She Stoops to Conquer.

Booth and Barrett's next season will commence in the West about the middle of September. The company will be the same as last season with few exceptions.



MARIE JANSEN.

hero squarely before an audience—and that is Hamlet. It is only fair to acknowledge that he is held there by his action and not by his philosophy.

But if the stage cannot follow all the young men and women who are vomiting undigested emotions into literature, it may here and there recognize with some yearnings of its own the presentation of a new individuality in a new dress.

The newness and frankness, to say nothing of the scanty intellectual wardrobe, of Amelia Rives' Barbara, have made us all turn our heads to greet an unknown personage.

Our first exclamation is: "Thank heaven! she is at least unlike the other four thousand."

In what particular she is unique it is not difficult to discern. The mistake of confounding animal passion and the ardor of young blood with affection is not new, but the naïveté

But they undertake to excuse their work with the wretched pleas that an empirical taste should modify and veil the essential and universal.

It is the function of the stage to deal with passion in all the changes of its gamut. It is the specific work of the stage to manifest passion, not to analyze it. It is therefore always searching for human material.

If the Barbara of this story arrests the attention of the stage it is because Barbara is a palpitating, full blooded woman, torn by the vultures of her own desires and baring her impetuous heart to the observer.

No sooner did the book get to be talked about than every actress who is on the lookout for new characters seized upon it with avidity. It is safe to say that Clara Morris devoured it at one sitting, and Rose Coghlan let her sunflowers go unhoed and her cow unmilked until she had finished it. Mrs. Langtry read it

article, which I am going to leave you to solve.

"Yes, I have read the book," said Mr. J. M. Hill, "and acknowledge its power. If some one will make a drama of it, it ought to create a genuine sensation. But who will play it? I only know one woman who could touch the character with realizing genius."

Who is that woman?

Cazauran—that unimpaired veteran who has transmuted everything and is himself going through a "sea change"—said from his invalid chair, where his undaunted mettle still gives the word of authority on adaptations: "It is easy to fix the drama, but where is the woman to play it? I only know of one woman who has the beauty of Neilson and the passion of Rachel."

I wondered if he meant the same woman that Mr. Hill did.

I thought over the available dames, and

At the Theatres.

At the Casino Nadjy is playing to crowded houses, and the popularity of the roof garden is shown by the numbers who nightly seek the cool evening breezes found there.

At Wallack's Theatre Prince Methusalem has been so attractive that people have been turned away at several performances since our last issue.

Effie Ellsler continues to play in The Keep-sake this week. On Monday next she will produce Frank Harvey's drama, Judge Not.

The Professional Free-List.

THE MIRROR's articles on the theatrical free-list question have excited a good deal of discussion among managers and actors, various views of the matter naturally being taken by various people. Following is a letter from the manager of the Boston Comedy company:

AUGUSTA, Me., July 23, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—In connection with the subject of passing the members of the profession to the various places of amusement, allow me to ask: Would a grocer feel it necessary to let another grocer come into his store and take what he wanted without paying, simply because he belonged to the same calling? Or would a tailor give every fellow-tailor a suit of clothes, simply because he was a tailor?

I think every one in the profession should pay for admission; and doubly so, if, as claimed, they go for instruction. He is a poor teacher who is not worth some remuneration for his labor. A manager is under obligations to the press, and the admissions furnished the fourth estate are well paid for in the notices and criticisms which are given.

No equivalent is furnished by the members of the profession, and they usually think themselves hardly used if they are not given the best seats in the house. As a courtesy, a manager may invite reputable members of the profession that he knows, provided he has room; but when the admission is claimed as a right it is best for managers and actors that all should pay.

Very truly yours, H. PAICA WASSER.

Mr. Webber's view is one that is shared by a good many combination managers. It is as commercial as his parallel. If artistic questions are to be reduced to a basis of dollars and cents then there is no use whatever in discussing them. The box-office standard, for example, is diametrically opposed to the critical standard. The one fixes the value of a performance by its receipts, the other by its merits. When the box-office standard is applied to all the inner and intimate relations of actors and managers, the whole theatrical fabric becomes distorted; the performer no longer commands a salary for what he can do, but for what he can draw; Edwin Booth takes second place to John L. Sullivan and Hamlet ranks below Alvin Joslyn.

The amenities of the theatre are no more to be likened to the barter of the grocery or the tailor-shop than a dramatic situation is to be compared with a pound of butter, or the delivery of Marc Antony's oration with the cut of a pair of pantaloons.

As to Mr. Webber's assertion that if actors go to the theatre for instruction they should pay double because instruction is a marketable commodity, the idea naturally presents itself, that the actor as frequently seen and heard what not to do as anything else. Even admitting, for a moment, the commercial hypothesis, there would be no justice in exacting pay for the privilege of studying "terrible examples." When a manager presents an absolutely perfect performance he will not be accused of greed if he chooses to make actors pay for what they may learn from seeing it. But such performances are not common, and they would be rarer still if Mr. Webber's notions prevailed concerning the polity of extending to actors free admission.

Mr. Webber makes another grave mistake in assuming that criticism is a mere exchange of values or even of courtesies. Newspapers—that is to say journals worthy the name—do not look upon it in that light. The remote rural sheet may consider that its opinion in matters dramatic derives an obligation from the use of free passes, but its opinion, unfortunately, is not consulted with that restless avidity which denotes both weight and character. The only kind of criticism possessing influence is that written by an expert and qualified critic, who writes not under the fear or favor of manager, actor, editor or public, but solely and entirely in the interests of art, pure and simple.

Of course actors should not claim entrance to the theatres as a right; and yet, as THE MIRROR pointed out lucidly and lengthily in an editorial last week, the manager, under certain circumstances, is bound by higher claims than those of courtesy to extend—when he can—the hospitality of his house to those regularly and reputably connected with the stage. A blind man can see that whatever contributes to the general excellence and prosperity of the theatre benefits all who are associated in its work. Even from Mr. Webber's commercial view this fact appears. The more actors can observe and improve the better for all concerned.

The Autumn Prospect.

It seems to be pretty generally conceded among managers that the approaching Presidential conflict will not impair their business to the extent it formerly did. Whether they base their hopes upon the silent conviction that Mr. Cleveland will continue to warm the cushion in the White House chair, or that Mr. Harrison will slip into it on a greased wire, without exciting the multitude to the torch light procession and mass-meeting pitch, we have no means of knowing; but, in conversation with several, they seem to attach but little importance to the national event, as affecting the theatrical business throughout the country.

This view seems to be supported by a

glance at THE MIRROR's advertising columns from week to week, where announcements are continually made of the organization of new road companies, and from which we should judge the number starting out this season before the election will equal if not surpass that of any previous season. The nomadic manager does not appear to be intimidated in the least, and goes about his booking with his usual sang froid. Managers of out-of-town theatres, at present in this city, evince the same energy as ever in securing attractions—particularly those from the Southern States, who contend that Presidential or other election contests seldom dampen the ardor of the theatre-goers. People must be amused in the South, and great contests like the one approaching, they say, is voted subordinate in comparison to the personal desire for constant entertainment.

Managers in the large eastern cities, however, are more timid—probably because they have more at stake—and they do not anticipate large business until after the election; consequently their important and expensive attractions will not begin to appear until the middle of November.

Doubtless the managers of many companies that will start out and go to places before the election will be eager enough to attribute their disasters to that event, instead of to the real cause—the inferiority of their attractions. Instances of this occur regularly every year before the Winter season sets in, and it will doubtless be the same this year. But the fact is palpable that reputable managers of road combinations seem to have no qualms of fear of the early result, and are booking their attractions with as much energy as possible.

The Presidential Election.

Once more old Time has rolled around
And brought in view election day;
Each party hears the trumpet sound,
And goes forth bravely to the fray.

The actors now will have their fling
At politics' thro' clever pens,
Comedians will loudly sing
Of Uncle Sam's own chosen ones.

Processions, too, will be the rage,
Republican and Democrat;
In pairs will march the wit and sage,
With blazing torch and tall white hat.

Election day, while at the polls,
They'll do the very best they can,
What matters if they lose their souls,
So that they but elect "their man."

HATTIE ANDERSON.

The New Dramatic School.

Dion Boucicault will remain in New York during the ensuing Winter, to devote himself to the establishment of the new dramatic school of art, founded by A. M. Palmer and himself at the Madison Square Theatre. The school is now an accomplished fact. It has taken proportions much greater than its projectors expected, and looks as if it might become an institution of national importance.

Upwards of eleven hundred applicants have pleaded for admission and "the cry is still they come."

The reputation of Mr. Palmer for administrative capacity and the reliance of the world on what he undertakes to do being thoroughly well done, and the fame of Mr. Boucicault as a stage director and maker of actors, gave birth to a widespread confidence in this college for the stage.

These gentlemen are using the greatest care in the selection of students. From the hundreds that have presented themselves, there had been, up to last Monday, only thirty four admitted, of which twenty-five were ladies and nine were gentlemen.

The school is to be divided into "intern" students, who are bound to service and attendance during the collegiate courses, and "extern" students, who are unattached, and may attend the exercises and participate in the instruction for shorter periods. Young professionals are entitled to become "honorary students" and will, on application, receive complimentary admission to the sessions of the college and to a share of its advantages.

The system employed by Mr. Boucicault is entirely new, and may be said to be the reverse of the methods in use. He considers that elocution is the last thing to be taught, but when the student has been taught to act, and the meaning of the part he plays, then he will be ready for the teacher of elocution to take him in hand.

"But," says Mr. Boucicault, "to teach the student how to 'elocute' a part, before he knows how to act, is like teaching a girl to play a tune by ear before she has learned the handling of the instrument. Such a one will never make a pianist by these means. I frequently come across actors and actresses who are ignorant of the first principles of the art they profess. Either they have wandered on to the stage, without help or guidance, picking up experience as best they may, or they have been elocutionary students, who can recite fairly well, but cannot act the lead 'a little bit.'"

Gossip of the Town.

Rudolph Aronson is back from the Adirondacks. Denman Thompson arrived in the city on Monday.

E. H. Sothern, while in town, is occupying Herbert Kelcey's flat.

Frank Mayo is at his home, "Crockett Lodge," Canton, Pa.

Henry Aveling has closed with Frederick Warde for next season.

Lost in New York will open its season at the People's on Sept. 3.

Marie Carlyle, the ingenue and soubrette, is in the city, and disengaged.

Mrs. James Brown Potter opens her season on Oct. 8 in Philadelphia.

It is rumored that Helen Danvray may return to the stage next season.

Sabra D-shon is Summering at Yonkers. She is disengaged for next season.

J. G. Howard, the dramatic and humorous reader, is Summering at Waretown, N. J.

George S. Knight has been engaged by E. E. Rice for the Corsair and Evangeline.

Colonel McCaull has been having a tussle with the speculators outside of Wallack's.

Nearly all the former members of Mrs. Langtry's company have been re-engaged.

Maude Wentworth, a capable actress, is in the city, but has not yet signed for next season.

Sheridan Block has been engaged for leading business in Lights and Shadows next season.

W. Garen has been engaged by H. R. Jacobs to manage one of his numerous road attractions.

Rehearsals of A Legal Wreck commence at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday night.

Belle Archer has been engaged to play the leading role in Lord Chumley, at the Lyceum.

Loudon McCormack has returned to the city from the West, and is at liberty for the coming season.

It is said to be positively settled that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will come to America in October, 1889.

Dora Leslie, sister of Elsie Leslie, has been engaged for the production of Lord Chumley at the Lyceum.

Rex T. Walters has closed his season with Claire Scott after forty-seven weeks of uninterrupted labor.

Rehearsals of Lord Chumley, or the Knight of Lumby Tum, began on Monday at the Lyceum Theatre.

Harry W. Sewall, late business manager of Mrs. Bowers and other well-known stars, is at present disengaged.

O. Hillis, formerly with Margaret Mather, has been engaged by Charles L. Andrews to play Michael Strogoff.

Joseph Wheelock came up from his home in the Jersey Highlands on Monday. He has not settled for the season yet.

Almira Strong, late leading lady with Maggie Mitchell, has been called by illness to her home in Washington, D. C.

J. P. Keene, manager of the Opera House, Franklin, Pa., has a fair week date (Sept. 3) open for a first-class attraction.

George Hanlon is spending the Summer in the Orange Mountains, New Jersey, while William Hanlon is at Nantasket.

Members of the Keep It Dark company are notified to attend rehearsals at Whitney's Opera House, Detroit, on Monday August 13.

T. J. Herndon, the well-known character actor and comedian, has signed with H. A. D'Arcy for an important role in Grandfather's Clock.

Gustave Amberg is reported to be completing arrangements for the building of a combination theatre in Harlem. It will be devoted to English productions.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Metayer are spending the Summer at Patchoque, L. I. The former denies the statement that he has signed to go with the Ruling Passion company next season.

A manager with "twenty years' experience and a good record," wants it known that he is disengaged for next season. A manager with such recommendations should not be long idle.

In order that the proper full dress rehearsals of Judge Not may be had, the production of that play at the Madison Square Theatre has been postponed from Saturday to Monday night.

Henry Aveling and Mittens Willett left for Boston on Monday to take part in the rehearsals of A Midsummer Night's Dream for the open air performance at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Thomas E. Garrick and John M. Sturgeon will star jointly in the legitimate next season. Their repertoire will embrace Virginia, Damon and Pythias, Ingomar, Romeo and Juliet, and other plays.

Ether Williams is Summering in New York. She is one of the few re-engagements for next season at the Park. In Harrigan's new drama she will play the leading juvenile role—an Italian.

Eugene McDowell has supplanted Harry Lee in the character of Goldfinch, in The Road to Ruin, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and the critics are not disposed to grumble at the change.

Helen Bancroft will originate a character in Frank Harvey's new society drama, Judge Not, which will be produced at the Madison Square next Monday evening, with Effie Ellsler as the stellar feature.

A new comedietta, written for the occasion, and in which the author will appear, has been accepted by Grace Hawthorne, to be played previous to The Still Alarm at the Princess Theatre, London, on July 30.

Thayer's Fireworks Spectacle, the Taking of New Orleans, at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, is attracting enormous audiences. Over eleven thousand persons witnessed the performance on Saturday evening.

Two comedietas by Mrs. Charles Doremus, entitled respectively Ahing Fo Hi and A Music Lesson, were performed by society amateurs last Friday night before a fashionable audience at the Elberon Casino.

Corra Tanner returns from her Summer home on the coast of Maine early in August, to begin active rehearsals of Fascination, which will be given a notable production at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Sept. 10.

The Daisy Guild, the new comic opera by Harry Paulton and Jakobowski, which will be produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre on Sept. 17, has been secured by W. T. Carleton, who will appear in the leading role.

The Bijou Opera House property has probably taken a farewell of the courts, where it has figured extensively for various reasons during the past few years. On Saturday last it leaked out that the ground and theatre had been purchased outright by a syndicate of speculators, who are reported to have secured it in exchange for other real estate valued at \$400,000. Mr. Rosenquest's ten years' lease of the Bijou will not be disturbed by the change of ownership.

J. H. Lane will have the management of Rhea next season. He is negotiating for a date for his star at Wallack's. The lady has quite a repertoire of plays, and Sardon has revised and re-written A Dangerous Game for her.

The Isman Line's new ship, City of New York, which leaves Liverpool August 1 for New York on her maiden trip, will bring the premiere's corps de ballet and several of the specialty artists for Gilmore's Twelve Temptations.

The Eaves Costume Company have designed and made all the costumes for Thatcher, Primrose and West's and Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels, and also for The Twelve Temptations. The costumes are said to be the finest ever made for the use to which they are to be put.

Daniel Bandmann sailed for England last Saturday in pursuit of Richard Mansfield. The latter will probably forestall his opening by two nights, the Opera Comique being held by Henry Irving so that Bandmann cannot carry out his original plan of stealing a march on his rival.

Henry Pincus, formerly a well-known actor, is now the manager of the Identification Card Company, a concern formed lately for the furnishing of cards of identification at a nominal cost. These credentials should prove decidedly valuable in cases of emergency.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett are making extensive preparations for elaborate and costly revivals of Othello and The Merchant of Venice for the coming season, and promise productions never before equaled on the American stage. Preparations have been in progress for the last three months.

Manager J. W. Rosenquest has given up his usual Summer vacation in order to prepare for his coming season at the Bijou Opera House, for which he has secured a large number of strong attractions, opening Sept. 3 with Roland Reed in The Woman-Hater.

Mrs. Jennie Kimball, manageress of Corinne, has arranged with the Worcester Excursion Car Company, of Wilmington, Del., to travel on one of their most costly and handsome buffet cars next season, including a trip from this city to San Francisco. It will be used only by Corinne and herself.

The American rights to the orchestration, costume plates and scenic models of All Baba, the new opera by Lecocq, have been secured by Colonel McCaull. This opera is now being produced in Brussels, and will be presented at the Eden Theatre, Paris. It is very likely Colonel McCaull will open his season in New York with this work.

Tony Pastor's road season will open at the Ocean Theatre, Long Branch, on August 6. The company includes Little Tich, Annie Oakley, Bibb and Bobb, Ravene and Athos, the Twibell Sisters, Tom Costello, Millie Hyton, The Donnellas, Rice and Barton, Richmond and Glenby, and Mr. Pastor. The troupe is said to be the strongest Mr. Pastor has ever assembled.

Joseph H. Mack has closed a contract with Charles L. Burnham, representing Theodore Moss, to open the regular season of the Star Theatre on Sept. 3d with Robert Downing. The theatre is being entirely remodelled, and will be, according to Mr. McElfatrick, the most attractive one of the handsome houses in the city. Some of the strongest attractions on the road are booked there.

C. B. Hawkins commences his tour at New Haven August 16, in We, Us & Co., under the management of John P. Slocum. The company consists of Walter M. Jones, Henry Rivers, George Bruening, C. M. Ashley, of Ashley and Hess, transatlantic novelty stars; Sally Price, May Fox, Gus Zora, musical director; Frank Slocum, associate manager; H. C. Babcock, treasurer.

Last week THE MIRROR mentioned the fact that Denman Thompson and Frank McKee were negotiating for Richard Stahl's new comic opera, Said Pasha, recently produced in San Francisco. Upon good authority it can now be stated that a sale of the piece has been consummated, and the gentlemen named are the sole owners. They will bring it East, and produce it this season in an elaborate manner.

Floy Crowell, who begins her fifth season at Bangor, Me., on August 20, has engaged the following company: Joseph Adelman, lead ing; C. Ed. Dudley, comedian, and E. F. Nagle, Mortimer Mordoch, Charles Mortimer, George Rickers, Arthur Livingstone, Walter Lackey, Annie Clynbourne, Ruth Aymer, Mabel Clynbourne and E. Elizabeth Bradford. Sam E. Young will be treasurer, and Branch O'Brien advance agent.

Lena Merrill has been engaged for the leading soubrette part in Running Wild, in which John Wild is to star next season. The following people are also of the company: St. George Hussey, Adele Bray, Lottie Hyde, May Sherwood, Charles Bradshaw, F. M. Kendrick, T. B. Butler and Harry A. Brinsley. James Kenny will lead the orchestra. The company will begin its season at the Leland Opera House, Albany, on August 13.

Corinne closed a profitable engagement of four weeks at Boston on Saturday night last. On Sunday she departed on the steam yacht *Amusement King*, owned by H. R. Jacobs, for Newport, R. I., to remain there until Sept. 1. Accompanying Corinne were Mrs. Jennie Kimball and a large party of friends. Corinne will probably open the new theatre at Buffalo, N. Y., called the Corinne Lyceum Theatre, managed by H. R. Jacobs and Mrs. Jennie Kimball, on Sept. 3.

Carl Formes, the basso, who is about to return from Europe to San Francisco, his adopted home, and who is now seventy-five years of age, traveled from the Pacific Slope to London without stopping en route, and immediately on his arrival in the latter city, sang at the Crystal Palace before an audience of 10,000 persons, who had been attracted by his name, in such a manner as to receive applause from public and orchestra which lasted three minutes. Formes is the only living great artist of the famous Mario-Grisi period.

The regular season of the Windsor Theatre will open on Saturday evening, August 11, with Harry Kennedy's Lights and Shadows company. Manager Murtha has secured a large number of strong attractions for next season, including Alone in London, May Wilkes in Gwynne's Oath, Siberia, The Main Line, Powers' Ivy Leaf, Gilmore's big spectacle of The Twelve Temptations, Augustin Daly's new melodrama, The White Slave, Annie Pixley, Haverly's New Minstrels and Joseph Murphy.

The Warner Grand Opera House is one of the largest and most thoroughly equipped theatres in the United States. It is on the ground floor, and has a seating capacity of 3,000. The stage is 60x100 feet, and the dressing-rooms are particularly attractive to professionals. The theatre proper is lighted with over 800 electric lights. A botanical roof-garden is one of its features, which is reached by two elevators. Manager J. L. Buford is evidently the right man in the right place. Klaw and Erlanger represent the Warner in this city.

The following people have been engaged recently through the Actors' Fund Dramatic Bureau: For the Twelve Temptations: D. M. Murray, Mai Estelle, Katherine Kean and Florence Ashbrooke. For Rye and Thompson's Twin Sisters company: Luke Loring and Ernest Forest. For Mme. Jannaschek's company: Belle Baron, Trenita Cortez, Ida Burroughs and Ross O'Neill. For Creston Clarke's company: Mrs. Augusta Foster, Mattie Wood, Clay Clement, Charles Charters, Edward Morimer and W. H. Bokes. For Jim the Penman: J. B. Hollis. For Captain Jack Crawford's company: Harry Mathews, Cryptic Pulmon, George Schultze and E. Harrison, leader. For Dan Sully: Adolph Letina. For Erin Verner's company: Kitty O'Shea.

Letters to the Editor.

TURN UP THE GAS!

NEW YORK, July 24, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I am delighted to see THE MIRROR taking up the question of lights in the auditoriums of the theatres, and I sincerely hope the subject will not be dropped until the present common practice of shrouding the front of the house in gloom during a performance is abandoned.

The custom is not only one which excites very general complaint among play-goers—it is an old and universal source of objection to professionals. That they do not more frequently complain to managers is simply because that course, as every star knows, is futile. Urged by economy the men who run the theatres are prone to set down the objector as a "hicker."

Your proposition that an actor must see the audience in order to be entirely on his feet is self-evident to everybody on the stage. A dark auditorium is fatal to magnetic reciprocity. By all means let THE MIRROR continue to demand that we shall have light enough to observe and feel the effect on the public of what we are doing. Truly yours, C. M.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I have been reading THE MIRROR for many a long day that I was more pleased to see than I was to see your protest against the darkening of the auditorium of the theatre when the curtain is up.

Owing to the desire that is present in some of our theatres to save gas, their labors during the progress of the play look about as uninviting and cheerless as a tomb.

Nothing else so brightens any interior as light! I sincerely hope that your efforts will result in our having more of it in our theatres. Very truly yours, ALFRED AYERS.

A WAIL FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, July 28, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—We Boston people are warm admirers of Nym Crinkle's feuilletonistic work in THE MIRROR. His light but caustic touch in handling the latest stage idiosyncrasy, the treacherous style in which he disposes of some society fool's pretensions to interpret the youngest of the sister arts, even his occasional sarcasms, which the profession is under fire—all are good enough for the Hub; hence, of course, a tribute above Gotham's Bostonian understanding.

But last week, when Nym claimed Zelle De Lussan as a New York girl, he gave our transcendental souls a shock that jarred off our learned spectacles. Our Zelle is a native of that hideously snobbish conglomeration of brick and elevated railroad, dubbed New York! Not if we know our own child, and in this case we rather think we do.

To-day's flower of lyr c opera is a Bostonian by birth, Her hair, complexion, beauty, grace, and all that constitute evidence of that fact; but if Nym demands extraneous proof, he may refer to her proud and popular name, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, of the Boston Ideal.

Of course, the young and gifted singer is not fully appreciated in your overgrown, uncivilized, meddling metropolis of shopkeepers, pawnbrokers and boudoir alchemists. A city boasting fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, yet unable to support a single school of vocal music, can not be expected to do a good deal from a chorus angel. Buffalo Bill represents the type of artist alone capable of satisfying the soulful yearnings of the average Gothamite, though, judging from the press notices, New York would rather encourage his hurry to announce the advent of a second Malbrain if Blanche Savorio could be induced to warble "Sweet Violets," or some other classic composition—"Hark! from the tomb," for example.

Blanche is your own—we admit it freely—but Zelle was born here in Boston just twenty-two years ago, never mind the exact date. She is still young—young enough to look forward to thirty years of increasing operatic fame. So is ours, let us not quarrel over it.

If we allowed a New York claim to her to pass unchallenged now, we might next find ourselves called on to surrender the Harvard Quartette or perhaps Bunker Hill.

But doesn't some ambitious Gotham suburb—say Hoboken or Philadelphia—want John L.? The ex-champion daily makes a ring, after how long an admiring audience of hoodlums and their "chums" has seen him whip gracefully, using only true Bostonian arguing with his trick stallion, yet it is the general verdict that as a circus man John is not a striking success. Boston is willing to hear from bidders for him and his greatest of all shows.

CORINNE'S NAME.

BOSTON, Mass., July 28, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I see by the last week's NEW YORK MIRROR in publishing the correct names of professional people, you state that my name is "Corinne Flattery." This is not true. My name is Corinne B. Kimball. This is the name I was christened by and the only name I ever had. My step-father's name is Thomas Flattery. He is a place merchant in Boston. I presume that is why you think my name is Flattery. Will you please correct this, and by so doing you will greatly oblige, yours sincerely, LA PETITE CORINNE.

MANAGER GREENWALL TAKEN TO TASK.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, July 18, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I desire to make known through the columns of your paper a fact that I am sure is of interest to all managers, but more especially to those playing in the Southwest. It is in regard to Mr. Henry Greenwall and the Texas circuit.

Toward the close of last season I was informed by several managers that Mr. Greenwall had threatened since he secured the Grand Opera House at New Orleans, unless some company booked at his house there, he would not book them for the Texas circuit. I did not pay much attention to it at the time, but now he has carried out his threat I desire to make the matter generally known.

Mr. Greenwall was applied to for dates for Frederick Warde through Texas, and refused to give him any because he was not booked at his theatre in New Orleans. This is one instance, but it is enough to serve my purpose for if he refuses one he is very apt to refuse all such. Now Mr. Greenwall is paid by Texas managers to represent them in New York, not himself alone, and I ask that the way to do it?

As Mr. Greenwall represents almost all of Texas he is in a good position to carry out his threat, and, of course, sacrifice the interest of Texas managers, to gratify his personal spite against Mr. Bidwell of New Orleans, and further the interest of his own theatre at that point.

Yours very truly, W. L. SIMPSON.

WHY A SPECIALTY ACT WAS CUT.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—The week of July 9 I was doing the German grocerman in That Boy Next Door at Hyman's Pavilion, Harlem, and specialty impersonations of prominent actors and characters. A great many of my friends have asked why my specialty was cut out in Harlem, when I had done it the previous week in Brooklyn and on the opening night of the Hayman date.

Frank W. Byrdall, manager of the company, informed me that my impersonation of Facin, the Jew, had insulted the people belonging to the Pavilion, including Hyman (they are all Hebrews); that they were very sore about it, and had on that account asked him to cut out my sketch. Will you kindly let this explanation have a place in your columns and oblige yours truly, OLIVER L. JENKINS.

The Giddy Gusher.



Let anyone advertise having discovered some emollient for smoothing the human countenance—some unguent that, applied to the face, will compose and beautify its expression, and they will find ninety-nine women out of a hundred anxious to try it. And yet it does seem as if every other woman was making a fright of herself chewing gum. Wherever you go, in stores, in cars, in church and theatre, abroad and at home, it's chew, chew, chew! The masticating operation is not a lovely one. Byron couldn't bear to see a pretty woman feed, and counseled the professional beauty of his time to chew her food in the privacy of her apartment, and tackle the table with her own grocery well stocked, that she might daily with a fork and trifle with a spoon, and spare admirers the pain of seeing her jaws in the spasms of mastication.

Good Lord! What would he do now in these days of tutti-frutti and spruce gum? Chew—chew—chew; wiggle and wobble their unceasing jaws; turn over the unending cud with restless tongue. Chew, chew, chew! On the faces, upheaving with this exciting engagement, there is an accompanying expression of idiotic interest in the absorbing business on hand—a sort of chewing-gum abstraction. I looked at a line of women in a Broadway car lately. By the door was a large, fat woman who studied the panel adorned with an advertisement of chewing gum. There was a ponderous, surcharged air upon her stolid face, as if the announcement she was reading was taking effect. I glanced at the next woman—a girl with the frail figure and luminous eyes of Julia Percy, as aesthetically dressed as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and as innocent and demure a puss as Annie Russell. She suddenly projected her chin, made a circuit in space with her under jaw, turned over her cud with a wallop of her tongue, and started in as if dear life depended upon her getting seventy-five incisions to the minute into that gum.

I turned in horror to the next human face. It was that of a colored girl, with a "basket of wash" on her lap. Her eyes were rolled up in a state of beatitude till nothing but the whites of 'em showed. She was having an attack of short, sharp, decisive chews that gave little regular jerks to the top of her head. Two young women sat next along the line.

"Ya-ump! ya-ump! Was Henry at your—ya-ump—house last night? ya-ump, ya-ump!" asked one.

"Ah-eng! ah-eng! You bet—ah-ung! Catch him staying away—ah-ung! ah-ung!" chewed the other, and then they sat and looked me over and did "ya-ump" an "ah-ung" in unison.

Further along a lady held the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* before her face in that intense way that women accord to that issue. But outside the page there was a rapidly bulging and contracting cheek, and a now-you-see-it and now-you-don't play of eyebrow, that indicated that the deadly work of gum chewing was going on in the very rockiest spot along Amelia Rive's lines. Passionate passages and tutti-frutti spasms were taking it out of that woman's frontispiece to gether. So I reverted with relief to the cat aleptic countenance of the fat lady by the door. Great Scott! the imputerrible calm was all broken up; the torpid cud was revolving like a button on a woodshed door. The mass of meat that made her cheeks was writhing and contorting as I have seen the hapless child across its mother's knee. She was out-chewing the chews, and I felt my way to the platform with my eyes shut on the dread spectacle of a half dozen women all in a row chewing gum.

Girls, young women and old women, for heaven's sake sit down before a looking glass and take a look at yourself chewing gum! The practice makes you look ridiculous. It distorts your faces. It cheapens your style. It endows your mug with the expression of an idiot. I defy a girl, however pretty, to look well chewing gum, and its work is fatal on the female face surviving the first freshness of youth. It brings up the muscles of the neck like whip-cords; it stretches the flabby skin of the cheeks by one moment and shows up the wrinkles by the next.

For the sake of your looks stick your cud of gum on your mirror as you pin your hat on, and spare the public eye the painful exhibition of a woman in the pangs of gum-chewing.

I am watching with great interest the last operations of the great theatrical octopus, and hoping against hope that the usual results may be averted. I have met in my life but two of this peculiar type. The social octopus was a woman, the theatrical octopus is a man. And from any intimate relations with these two no man or woman ever emerged unscathed.

The work of the blight might not immediately appear, but that the deadly touch had withered, sapped and undermined, time inevitably proved.

The woman was beautiful, accomplished and fascinating. As a girl she worked woe among her schoolmates. No chum of hers succeeded. Disaster accompanied her friendship. She got old enough for lovers, and she had plenty. They broke their legs, got drowned, were dismissed from college, sickened and died. The announcement of her engagement was followed four times by the death of the man. But, undeterred, a fifth took his life in his hand and married her. He failed in business and cut his throat after three years of red-hot trouble—trouble outside his domestic affairs.

No one ever said anything against the lady, and so, as a widow, she remarried. A big, fine young Englishman, who looked as if he could defy fate, was the second victim. He was killed in a railway accident on their bridal tour, and she brought him home in a coffin twenty-one days after she took the contract. She took to keeping parrots and dogs, and every six months the whole stock was renewed. Disease and death had removed 'em. No one ever heard of a dead parrot till Mrs. S. placed her affection on one. But she lost eight in one year.

The theatrical blighter acts on the professional world morally, mentally and moneyly. I call to mind half a hundred who have come under the spell, and suffered. They don't die, but oh, they linger, and that's worse. How many times this plausible gentleman has come to the front with some scheme—that all the world sees the fallacy of save the party for whom it is projected. Right in up to the neck I have seen 'em wade, always buoyed by hope and the remarkable oratory of the navigator shaping their course. But never do they strike clear water; never do they get out of the breakers which get rougher and rougher, and finally throw 'em up wrecks, high and dry, among the other wrecks of the great leader that lie along a very unpleasant bit of shore.

Hardly a season but the fatality of this man is before the world in some shape. I honestly believe that over his grave every man and woman who ever had business or social relations with him can stand and say: "I was the worse for his life." I don't believe, among the living or dead, there is one he ever benefited though he tried to. He is to prosperity what the murrain is to a cow.

So when I read of some utopian scheme, and find that clever people are embraced in the far-reaching arms of the octopus, I sit down and watch with curiosity the outcome of the entanglement.

We are having lots of fun up here with a crow—variously called "Ah Sin," as a crow; "Never More," as a raven, and "Ruin," as a rook. I guess crows, ravens and rooks are all the same. This big blackbird lighted on the rail of the piazza and uttered a caw of woe and hunger over three months ago. He has grown huge and impudent. He routs the dogs; he takes the bones out of their mouths. He's afraid of nothing. He can bite like a snapping-turtle. But he has an innocent, helpless way of coming at five every morning, perching by the windows and raising the roof with his caws. There he sits with his mouth open to his ears, uttering his yell for food till it's answered.

And steal? Well, he should be called "Petty Larceny," he's an unredeemable thief. I have been watching him as I write. He hopped upon a window, reached in and took a shining button from a work basket. He marched with it to a shady corner of the piazza, and poked it with care into the furthest niche. He made nine journeys to a newspaper six feet away, tore off little pieces, and went each time and laid them on top of the button. It was completely hidden, but a gust of wind blew all the paper off and "Never More" gave a yell of disappointed effort; but, equal to the occasion, he went at it again. He piled his paper on, and then put two cigar butts and a couple of corks on the papers.

I tell you I have lots of fun with this clever bird, and advise people with plenty of room to get a crow, and in its education join

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

P. S.—A gentleman from the heart of London was talking the other day of getting some one to do some translating. I asked him what language the laborer delighted in, and he said "American into English."

That was good, but I think I had him when I replied I knew of some one capable, as only a very few could translate American into real London English. But this was a specimen of my friend's work. I had given him this pretty little verse:

A charming little sparrow
Lived up a pretty spout.
There came a heavy rain-storm
And washed the sparrow out.
But when the blessed sun
Dried up the Summer rain,
The pretty little sparrow
Went up the spout again.

His translation was this:

There was a bloody sparrow
Lived up a blooming spout.
There came a blasted rain-storm
And washed the sparrow out.
But when the blooming sun
Dried up the blasted rain,
The bloody little sparrow
Went up the spout again.

G. G.

The Confessions of a Coquette.

I'm a beauty and a belle, but I'm eccentric and (whisper it) thirty; not that I mind being thirty in the least, oh, dear, no! I rather like it. My cousin Charley would call this a sour grapes remark. But who minds him? Not I, surely, nor will you, I hope, when I explain that he is my cousin, and—well, I won't attempt to describe him. Just shut your eyes and think of the most hideous man you ever saw, and you will have a perfect likeness of Charlie, only Charlie's uglier. And as to being my cousin, between ourselves, I believe he invented the relationship in order to be able to slander me with impunity.

I've climbed clear up to the top of our family tree, and I don't see him on any of the branches. I told him so, too, seeing he is such an advocate of candor. And how do you suppose he got out of it? He said he was there, but, being modest, laid himself under a leaf. I considered it a very poor joke, and said so at the time.

I am never backward about expressing my mind to him, and why should I be when he is the most brutally outspoken wretch that ever told a woman, who innocently inquired of him how she looked, that there was powder on her nose, and that her bustle was lopsided.

"Truth may be golden," I quoted on that memorable occasion, with my most lofty expression of severity, but it isn't always civil. This rebuff I expected would make a great impression upon him. You can perhaps imagine my discomfiture when the fiend grinned sardonically and asked if I had set my cap for Lord Dundreary in my old age? It seems, as I discovered afterward, not from him—nobody ever gets anything out of that sphinx—that I had misquoted, "silence," not "truth," being the proverb.

But to return to where I was before I began running on about him. I said I was a beauty, and I think I have a perfect right to make the observation. In the first place, every person I have ever known has told me so, and, in the second, upon mature reflection, I have come to the same conclusion myself. One can't very well doubt the evidence of one's eyes and one's looking-glass, particularly when both chance to be of the finest quality. The only one who ever disputed my claims in this direction was that cynic who constituted himself my cousin, for no other reason on earth than that of being able to say such things about me. In his spitefulness he has even gone so far as to call me a—coquette, but as he is a pronounced woman-hater a little acrimony on his part isn't altogether to be wondered at. It is also his opinion that I am—frivolous. But this I most emphatically deny. It is not my fault if I happen to have an admirer or two in the various European cities. My heavens! what other course is open to a woman when they get unmanageable. Besides, a year's foreign travel is an infallible cure. Their passion rarely outlives the voyage.

It will no doubt strike the average reader as odd that a woman like me should have remained single all these years—a woman whose chances for matrimony have been numberless—who had only to pick and choose to please herself. The truth is, I am an analytical sort of a creature, and always did have a habit of pulling things to pieces. It is impossible for me to accept a man's love without first dissecting and subjecting it to a microscopic examination. Now, there are some few things in existence that will bear a like investigation, but the intricacies of the *genus homo* will not. So don't attempt it. If such an appendage is essential to your well being, take it as it is and ask no questions. If you cannot bring yourself to do this (as in my case), why just let your Cousin Charley call you a theoretical romanticist, and seek no further explanation.

If you do so, he will be sure to tell you that your affections are mere imaginations, born in the brain and fostered there; and that a genuine emotion is as powerless to force an entrance into your heart as that flimsy organ would be of retaining, even if it did so. He will inform you that you are incapable of love, or of spontaneous feeling of any kind.

This is what my Cousin Charley said about me, and all because of my noble search for a true and lasting devotion. A pure and unadulterated passion which would at least endure—the year out. Though I doubt if such a phenomenon exists; for to my mind there isn't a quarter of an ounce of constancy in the whole species *man*. Now, either I will be loved for all time or not at all. I said this ten years ago, and I am saying it still. Most likely I shall go on saying it until I die which will give Charley a splendid chance of engraving it upon my tombstone.

To hear how I rattle on a person would be almost justified in thinking me a chatterbox, which I am not, although I can talk on occasion like any woman. But I did not expect to rattle on until I came to my grave and tombstone, as Charley always said I would.

Dear me! I get quite creepy and superstitious when I recall how many true things that man does say in respect to my affairs. But I suppose the fact is easily accounted for, when one takes into consideration that he thinks of nothing except how he can get ahead of me. Honestly, unless I manage to circumvent that wiseacre for once at least, I shall not die happy. I spend half my time thinking of it. Indeed, it is my hobby! But how to do it. Ah, that's the question! No matter—I am resolved, even if I am forced to

go to the extremest lengths and employ the most desperate methods. He shall acknowledge himself beaten in the end; I swear it.

Where was I? Goodness! at the very beginning. I had just remarked that I was a beauty and a belle—a trained belle—not a natural one (according to my cousin)—from childhood up a butterfly, with precocious proclivities—one of the kind of children who give themselves all manner of affectation, copied with parrot like accuracy from their worldly mamma, until at fifteen they haven't an atom of youth left, and are mere well-dressed puppets of fashion and propriety to grow into dolls of wax instead of women of flesh.

Now, I ask in all candor, wouldn't you feel like getting the best of a man who dared—actually dared—to call you a parrot, a puppet, a piece of *bee's wax*? (I should say doll wax, but it's all the same thing.) Wouldn't you? Why, it's the dream of my life. A worm will turn. Why not a trained belle if she is well trained, which, according to him, I most unquestionably am; and all this, as I said before, because of my honest wish to find a true heart that will never beat for any woman but myself, and my firm resolve to accept no other.

Why should I pray? It has been beau, beau, beau with me ever since I was born—almost. I blush to say it, but it is the unvarnished truth. Charlie says my love affairs have been a source of life-long amusement to him, though I never could see wherein the fun lay. Gracious knows they have been serious enough to me! But he can laugh at anything—even a funeral—if it don't chance to be his own. The clown! I'd like to call him something ever so much worse, but it wouldn't sound proper, so I refrain. You see my sense of the fitness of things is very strong. What I might think, nothing could induce me to write.

But to proceed. My affairs (the girls of my set all dub them so) have certainly been numerous, if not long-lived. How much I would rather have had them the reverse—few but lasting. Ah me! I may be a beauty and a belle, but I'm a disappointed woman too. I have never been really loved!—never, never, never; and I have lived thirty years. I shudder as I say it; still thirty isn't so bad but what it might be worse! In strict confidence I will confess that my great ambition has been to be the object of a glorious, an eternal passion. This I have never been. Men have been willing to live for me, but not to die. No hero with a bullet-hole has fallen at my feet and expired worshipping me—none, none.

Albert Vane did talk something of dashing his brains out when I refused him the third time, but he never went so far as to do it. He married the red-haired girl across the street instead, and that woman crowded over me for years. Deplorable, was it not? seeing I am a beauty and a belle. And that man have poured sweet nothings in my ears, smiled when I smiled, and frowned when I frowned—but never wept with me. Ah, no; in my sad and silent hours (even a beauty and a belle has such—occasionally) they offered no consolation to my bleeding heart. When I complained of my hard lot, my cousin Charley informed me in his usual cold-blooded fashion that the only trouble was, my digestion was a little impaired, and that I didn't know a true affection when I saw it—to his certain knowledge, one of as everlasting a nature as any woman could possibly wish, always had been mine.

When I asked him if he were mad or joking (for I knew nothing of the kind had come in my way), he replied that he didn't consider himself any madder than usual, and, as to joking, I ought to be the last one to accuse him of that, since I had repeatedly declared him incapable of wit. I told him I never said so; I had merely remarked that his jokes were very bad. And as to the everlasting affection I had never seen anything of the kind. To this he replied in his characteristically ambiguous fashion, that one who made a business of dissecting everything as I did, might be excused for occasionally mixing up fragments of the true with the false. The idea he meant to convey most likely was, that I submitted my emotions to my head rather than to my heart. I never gleaned from him, however, which of my lovers he meant. I never will, for the grave isn't closer than he, on some points.

I regret, of course, to have had the treasure I so coveted held out to me and passed it by, but it appears I have done so. Well, there is no use crying over spilt milk. If I lost my chance I lost it. I do not expect another. Indeed, I have long since given up the idea. When one reaches thirty one hasn't any business to expect anything.

At this point, dear friends, my confessions end, or would have ended, had it not been for my carelessness in hurrying away to receive a visitor and leaving this record written out upon the table, where Mr. Busybody, fumbling around for something, comes, oh, quite accidentally, upon it. When I came back I saw at once he had read it through, for, there upon the fly-leaf was inscribed in his hand, and presumably as a title, "Confessions of a Coquette, or My Cousin Charlie."

It was the last straw, and it broke when I slammed a book down upon it, and then and there registered a solemn vow to be revenged on that wretch, whose indignities, heaped high on top of each other, now reached a monstrous proportion.

"What will I do?" I ask myself with set teeth. "How shall I pay him back?—how, how, how?" At last a dark thought crept into my brain—a deadly thought. I could have

shrieked aloud in my fiendish joy; but I didn't. I went quietly to work and acted upon it. You will never guess what I did, so I will tell you—I married my cousin Charlie!

LILLIAN SPENCER.

Obituary.

René Wellington, a young and promising American comedienne, died of consumption at Danbury, Conn., on Wednesday morning of last week, whither she had gone in search of health. Miss Wellington was a most exemplary member of the profession, and was possessed of unmistakable dramatic talent. Like many others she was deprived of the opportunity, by reason of limited influence, of showing to the world what she could do, and has died in the heyday of her aspirations, beloved and respected by those who knew her, and regretted by those who have watched her career as a professional. Miss Wellington appeared with Effie Elsie last season, but was obliged to leave the company on account of the delicate state of her health. But few suspected the presence of the insidious enemy that was the chief instrument in her sudden taking off, for it was only last season that she looked the picture of health. Her death was a shock to them, for one so young, gifted and promising should have lived to have disseminated the qualities of a good life among those of a world so sadly in need of the womanly gifts she possessed. At the time of her death Miss Wellington was only about twenty-six years of age. At twenty she was married to a man who betrayed and deceived her. A few days after her nuptials it was discovered that her husband was already a married man. To the young bride this was a fearful blow, but she took a philosophical view of the situation, left him, and went to work for herself, as she was without parents and kindred. Husband and wife never met afterwards. By dint of hard work and studious application Miss Wellington achieved some distinction as a soubrette, and was gradually coming to the front when death cut short her ambitious efforts.

John F. Herne, the actor and soldier, whose name will be long remembered from the fact that he was the youngest commissioned officer in the Army of the Potomac, died at Hot Springs, Ark., on Saturday last. He was widely known, and his friends in and out of the profession were legion. Mr. Herne entered the army as a drummer boy in the Forty-third New York Volunteers at the age of fourteen years, in August, 1861. On Dec. 24, 1863, he reenlisted in the same regiment as a veteran. This was at Brandy Station, and there he received his commission as second lieutenant from Governor Seymour. In the fight at Petersburg he was severely wounded, and received subsequently other wounds which sent him to the hospital in Washington with the commission of a captain in his pocket, the recognition of a hearty handshake from his commander, General Franklin, when leaving the field, and another from President Lincoln at Washington. Every one who knew John Herne recognized that he was faithful to every duty from the day when he entered the army as a drummer to that on which he surrendered his life. In all things he was faithful to his friends and a "healthy hater," as Theodore Parker used to say, of those he ought to hate. As an actor and manager he was widely known and esteemed by everyone in the profession. Mr. Herne was a brother of James A. Herne, of Hearts of Oak fame. The remains will be interred to-day (Thursday) at Woodlawn Cemetery.

William M. Babbitt, last year the manager of Pat Rooney, died suddenly at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon last, at 36 Clinton Place. During his brief career as a manager, Mr. Babbitt made many warm friends in and out of the profession, by whom his death will be sincerely regretted.

Courtlandt Palmer, the ground landlord of the Union Square and Star Theatres and of the Morton House, died after a brief illness at Lake Dunmore, Vermont, on last Monday afternoon. Mr. Palmer was the president of the Nineteenth Century Club, and was a pronounced Socialist although a millionaire. He was born on March 25, 1843, in New York, and was a member of the New York bar.

The death is announced in England of Mrs. Charles Dillon, wife of the late tragedian, Charles Dillon. She was known professionally as Clara Conquest.

Always Bright and Newsy.

Sacramento Bee.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the sparkling dramatic weekly, presents a new volume—the twentieth. Always bright and newsy, THE MIRROR continues among theatrical journals as a diamond among pearls.

Turn On the Lights.

New York Press.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is stirring up the theatrical managers on the matter of darkening the auditorium while the curtains is up. THE MIRROR calls the custom an abominable one. This is a step in the right direction, and THE PRESS joins THE MIRROR in the demand for more light. There are few occasions where the lowering of the gas is necessary to the proper production of a play. Turn on the lights.

No engagements will be made for Mrs. James Brown Potter's company until the arrival of Henry E. Abbey.

NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at 145 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first Street.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK - JULY 28, 1888.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

The following letters will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application. Letters advertised for 30 days and unclaimed will be returned to the post office. Circulars and newspapers included from this list:

Andrews, Chas. L.
Allen, W. L.
Albee, Thedy
Abbott Opera Co. (mgr.)
Abbott, Chas.
Anderson, W. C.
Archman Sisters,
Anderson, Julia
Aborn, S.
Baker, Pete
Bradley, A. W.
Blaisdell, J. W.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Balford, Geo.
Banks, Maud
Bowers, F. B.
Blair, Rogers
Booth, Laura
Bernard, F. G.
Boyle, Anna
Barnes, J. O.
Barnes, Geo.
Bryson, Fred.
Blanco, W. F.
Bentley, Jennie
Benton, Jara
Berton, Chas. A.
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Brubaker, Frank
Cabrera, J. A.
Clevins, Lillian
Collins, Harry
Cooper, Geo. H.
Corder, Lewis
Carry, Eleanor
Cromwell, C. F.
Connell, George
Carlson, W. T.
Collier, J. W.
Collier, Edmund
Crosby, W. H.
Crompton, W. H.
Coburn, S. K.
Campbell, J. W.
Curran, J. F.
Cox, S. F.
Carroll, J. W.
Cronin, T. J.
Coar, S. H.
Dorsey, Jack
Dechamper, C. R.
Dickson, W. F.
Denn, Edie L.
Davis, H. A.
Duffy, John
Deane, Harry
Dew, Sidney
Delaney, Wm.
Duffy, W. J.
Dehman, Susan
De Schmidt, Louis
De Bar, Blanche
Edwards, Lillian
Eaton, Wm.
Elliott, J. K.
"Exchange"
Ebert, T.
Elliott, Wm.
Evans, Wm.
Franklin, May
Fry, G. W.
Fry, Louis
Ferguson, Mattie
Fox, J. C.
Frank, Joe
Farnum, D.
Farrell, J. J.
Frank, Emma
Fikins, Grace
Ford, C. G.
Forster, E. A.
Fossett, Owen
Forrest, A. H.
Glover, Leonard
Gilbert, Mm.
Gervase, E.
Goodwin, N. C.
Gray, Ada
Gardner, A. R.
Gordon, N. C.
Guthrie, Wm.
Greenfield, Jos.
Gordon, C. L.
Graham, B. R.
"Good Engagement,"
Gill, Wm.
Greenwood, Maria
Hays, J. W.
Hyde, W.
Hart, D.
Harris, Geo.
Hagger, Emma
Harrington, W.
Huntington, W.
Hirschfeld, Dr.
Harkins, D. H.
Hudson, B. C.
Holmes, Raymond
Howard, Lillian
Howe, Frank, Jr.
Harwood, Harry
Hawley, H.
Hardie, J. M.
Husted, H. E.
Hess, C. D. (Mgr.)
Hayden Wm.
Jones, Frank
Jefferson, Mgr. Joseph
Jones, Louis
Johnson, Lew
King Bridge Agt.
Kearney, Alex.
Keller, J. E.
Keatinge, Bert W.
Kralffy, Bolosay
Kruzer, Chas.
Keith, Marion
Kaufmann, A.
Lights o' London M'gr

Laur, Clara
Lewis, J. M'gr
Little Nurget Co.
Lair, J.
Leland, E. R.
Leighton, H. M.
Love, Arthur
Le Clair, Harry
Logan, A. B.
Locke, Charles E.
Lillian Kennedy Co.
Lester, H.
Linton, H. J.
Lafon, Louis
Lackaye, W.
LaFelle, Marie
Latta
Leacock, Geo.
MacDermott, J. P.
Mansury, Ida
Mansury's Twenty to One Co.
Morison, Lindsay
Mortimer, Chas.
Murphy, John
McConnell, London
Morris, Clara
Marriott, Chas.
Mackey, J. A.
McNish, F. J.
McLeod, W. H.
Mass, H. J.
McClure, John
McDonan, John
Mordant, F.
Mark, Wm. B.
Miles, Wm. E.
McCollin, A. W. F.
Montaine, Clarence
McNeil, W. B.
McVie, Paul
M'gr, Maggie Mitchell
Maynard, Alice
Mills, Geo. C.
Montion, Geo.
Murphy, Joseph
McAllister, Phoebe
Meredith, Harry
Mason, John
Mortimer, J. W.
O'Connell, J. J.
O'Neill, Jas.
O'Neil, W. E.
Price, Mart
Paul, Frank
Perry, Theo. B.
Pomeroy, E. S.
Parsons, Chas.
Price, E. D.
Polk, J. E.
Pruett, E. B.
Prior, E. H.
Putnam, Katie
Payson, Geo.
Perry, J. H.
Price, Mattie E.
Roor, Geo. P.
Robinson, Mrs.
Rosenbaum, Ed.
Russell, S. S.
Rising, W. S.
Ransome, J. B.
Raban, Arthur
Richardson, Lee
Rankin, Mrs. McK.
Riley, James
Ransom, Wm.
Ransome, W. C.
Sydney, Mrs.
Sally, Das
Skid, M. T.
Stoney, Geo. L.
Show, S. T.
Sweetser, T. A.
Simon, T. E.
Stoddard, Wm.
Stanley, J. F.
Stevens, J. A.
St. John, Marguerite
Stone, E. G.
Sellers, Harry
Sapp, Crab
Smith, C. H.
Sutton, Mr. and Mrs.
Sellers, J. T.
Sargent, A.
Taber, R. P.
Trousell, Chas.
Trotter, Lee
T. P. & W. M'gr.
Thomas, Jessica
Tyler, Odette
Trotter, Wm.
Tegarden, W. A.
Truett, A. W.
Thorpe, C. H.
Templeton, Joe
Volley and Stafford
Vernon, Ida
Webster, W.
Wilber Op. Co.
Wilcox, E. T.
Watson, H. E.
Waggoner, L.
Walton, E. L.
Wilson, J. W.
White, W. A.
Wilkie, Herbert
Ward, Fred.
Wilmer, Kanice
Whittaker, Geo.
Wallis, Jas.
Woodall, W. B.
Wheeler, C. W.
Wills, Frank
Wade, Mav
Whiters, Joe
Welman, M. M.
Wintersboro, J. W.
Young, W. H.

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Anxious Period.

Precariousness of employment is one of the irremediable disadvantages of the actor's life under our present system. Instability is the word that describes the histrionic pathway. From season to season the majority of professionals are utterly unable to say where they will be located. Change is the order of the day, the necessity of the hour; and the men and women of the stage are found as vari-

ously grouped each year as the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope after a fresh turn of the barrel.

Just now the offices of managers, the Fund's dramatic bureau, the agencies, and all theatrical haunts in point of fact, are besieged by engagement-seekers. The perennial anxiety of the idle period sits heavily on the mobile professional countenance, and every manager who wants a company or to complete a company is chased like the annis-seed bag by the red-coated and desperate Long Island hunter.

Soon, however, the annual pother about places will subside, and the greater number of players will start out on the new season's peregrinations. But, as in the old-fashioned dance of nine-pins, while the most will wait salubriously under pleasant and agreeable arrangements, some will be left repining in the cold, it being a condition of the plethoric dramatic market that the supply is somewhat greater than the demand. There is always consolation for these last, however, in the hopeful thoughts stimulated by the word "jobbing."

The uncertainty attending the actors' future, the inability of the majority, from the nature of circumstances, to see ahead beyond a season at the utmost; the constant change from manager to manager; the ceaseless round of new associates and associations—these and other considerations make professional life a veritable whirligig, compared with which nearly every other human occupation is tame and permanency itself.

The Mirror for the Summer.

Readers of THE MIRROR who are going out of town for the Summer can have the paper sent to them on the following terms, by forwarding address and the amount to this office:

50 cents for four weeks.
\$1.00 for ten weeks.
\$1.25 for thirteen weeks.
Free of postage.

Inconsistent Criticism.

In a recent issue THE MIRROR printed a communication from a playwright, who quoted a "series of wildly inconsistent comments" from the daily press on the production of his play, Irene, at the Madison Square Theatre.

There is no more responsible post on the editorial staff of a newspaper than that of the critic, whether the subject of criticism be art, music, literature or the drama. He should be thoroughly equipped for the work, both in knowledge, special training and experience. This would seem to be self-evident, and yet there are influential papers in New York and elsewhere in this country that look upon criticism of any kind as a gratuitous sop to advertisers. Again there are dailies that will pay a large salary to an expert base-ball editor, while they consider a mere tyro in newspaper work quite equal to the task of criticising an art exhibition or a dramatic performance.

The proprietor of the Herald long ago introduced a system of "shaking up" his staff every few months, so that in the course of rotation the office boy is almost as likely to be given a chance at the dramatic department as any other employee. Sometimes the gentleman who is assigned to a first night is a raw Irishman, whose recent arrival, together with the fact that he has never seen a theatrical performance, make his verdict particularly original and strictly impartial.

In other offices a competent dramatic editor is engaged, but only being able to attend the most important production on a Monday night, the other tickets are distributed to any persons who happen to be disengaged that evening. Thus it comes to pass that the manager, playwright and the entire company are at a loss to know what to make of the contradictory opinions of these so-called dramatic critics.

And what does the great reading public think of such chronic disagreements among dramatic doctors? The theatrical public judges for itself, and pays precious little attention to the critical estimate of the metropolitan press. An honest difference of opinion is to be expected in matters of taste and critical judgment, but what reliance can be placed in the amateurish fault-finding of some college youth delegated to report a play for his first assignment?

There is no department of journalism that requires gradual and constant education so much as dramatic criticism. The faculty of judging the merits and imperfections of a new play with accuracy and nice discernment cannot possibly be exercised by a mere apprentice. That is to say, no writer, however clever he may be in general literary work, can jump at criti-

cal conclusions without technical knowledge of the subject, nor can he give a critical analysis of the piece without some special knowledge of modern stage productions.

Superficial scribes who sit in judgment on dramatic performances frequently resort to flippancy or animadversion to cover their ignorance. This is scarcely to be wondered at, for it is so much easier to ridicule and cavil than to write a genuine criticism.

THE MIRROR has from time to time pointed out the absurdities and misstatements of the daily press, and will continue in this course until every metropolitan newspaper employs a competent dramatic editor. The horse reporter may be able to "do" a base-ball match, but he cannot review a new performance to suit intelligent readers without special training and some slight erudition in matters pertaining to dramatic literature and histrionic art.

The Change at Wallack's.

The most gratifying and significant dramatic intelligence the present year has developed is the announcement that Mr. A. M. Palmer has purchased, and is to manage, Wallack's Theatre.

It is most gratifying, because Mr. Palmer is our leading stock manager, and at the head of this important establishment he will be able to put into practice plans which are destined to be the fruition of all his managerial skill and experience; and, also, because his friends and admirers, who represent the intelligent and thoughtful element among the playgoing public and the profession, will rejoice to see him occupying a field whose scope is in proportion to his ability to occupy it.

The announcement is significant in that it shows that a manager of tried and cautious judgment, as well as brains and exceptional taste, has sufficient confidence in the public's willingness to support a large stock theatre, conducted on a high artistic plane, to acquire the control of a house which has been a monetary quicksand and which was on the verge of being turned into a star and combination theatre. It is upon the stock company that we must rely for the best creative work—the loss of another theatre devoted to stock productions would have been in many regards little less than a theatrical calamity.

Of Mr. Palmer's financial success in the management of Palmer's Theatre—as Wallack's is to be aptly rechristened—we have not a particle of doubt. True, it is popularly known as a "Jonah" theatre, but when the matter is sifted down we always find that theatres are Jonahs, not through ill-luck or ill-fate, but because they have been mismanaged. Wallack's has been grossly mismanaged ever since it was built. Mr. Wallack moved into it in the period of his advanced professional senility. It was run on a narrow and foolish policy, which embraced spasmodic and unsatisfactory revivals of old comedies to preserve the traditions of the name, plentifully interspersed with cheap and second-hand English melodramas, utterly unsuited to the class of play-goers who were wont to rally under the Wallackian banner. The reputation which Mr. Wallack had maintained as a manager for a quarter of a century was senselessly frittered away. When he did finally retire from the control he entrusted the fortunes of the house to a hopelessly speculative man, who knew no more about providing his stage with good material than a Zulu knows how to cook a Delmonico dinner. The season was disastrous, and had not Mr. Palmer bought the property with the intention of re-dedicating it to the fulfillment of the original purposes for which it was designed, we should have heard the wisecracks citing it as another crushing proof that the stock theatre is no longer wanted.

Mr. Palmer will manage his new theatre with all the tact and taste for which he is noted. And in the programme which he is now preparing we can rest assured there will be many features which will contribute to the enjoyment of our best class of play-goers and to the honor and dignity of our stage. The undertaking has, as it deserves, THE MIRROR'S heartiest wishes for prosperity.

The True Crusaders.

Can a vast body like the Mississippi move through an immense stretch of country without carrying along with it a measureless tonnage and affecting seriously the atmosphere, the health and the habits of the vicinage? Such is the heavy sweep, the mighty current of the dramatic function which pervades the land, and in its entirety carries with it thousands of adventurers and pleasure-seekers. Its aggregate power is beyond

estimation, its momentum irresistible. Its coercive and propionic force awakens life and imparts movement to a world of its own, populated with an infinitude of characters and bordered by illuminating scenery which rivals the greatest efforts of art. These are projected with such vigor as to make themselves obvious and noticeable to every on-looker, and bears along with it a picked population from the best, the wisest and the wittiest of the land.

Its motor is the magnetism of genius imparted in dramas that impersonate human nature and the highest and deepest life of man. This power is restlessly struggling every day and every night to supply mankind with a vitality derivable from no other source. It is impossible to conjecture the results that spring from the inventive saliency of the stage. What cheerful spirits are engendered, what enterprises of pith and moment take fire, from the electric suggestiveness of the living drama!

From this vast colosseum are sent into the world the athletic performers of great things. From the boards emerge into the affairs of men, in the market place, at the fireside, in the academy, whatever is most stirring, robust and productive.

Therefore there falls upon the people the duty of inspiring the dramatist and the actor with its most vital influence, to encourage every effort to carry its banner higher, and to make the theatre and its auxiliaries feel that they are the true crusaders, constantly summoning its followers on to noble achievements and to furnish an example of chivalry and devotion to the great and the beautiful.

Should not the dramatist and the actor carry their heads up when they find themselves on this line of march?

A Source of Danger.

The practice of selling the reading columns of newspapers, which was formerly confined to obscure and unimportant journals, has spread most alarmingly among the daily as well as the weekly papers. It is notorious that arrangements are now frequently and openly made in the counting rooms of several of the morning publications of this city for the insertion of lengthy puffs, presented under the guise of news or descriptive matter. The World, the Morning Journal and, we believe, the Times are among the number. An exposure of the methods of the first-named paper recently appeared in the Herald, which, setting aside the strong motive of rivalry back of its revelations, should be credited with a good and healthy piece of work in the interests of newspaper readers and honest journalism generally.

It is hardly necessary to explain why it is culpable for an avaricious newspaper to accept pay for endeavoring to cheat its readers. There is certainly no question as to the demoralizing effects consequent upon that species of fraud and deceit. If proprietors sell the reading columns they might expect to see their example followed by editors, critics and reporters, and every opinion, every utterance of the paper, would speedily grow to be held in popular contempt and suspicion. The time might come when authors would have to pay book reviewers, actors bibe the critics, and politicians gild the palms of the editors. It might, but it will not, simply because dishonest journalism brings its own punishment, and before the greedy press could sink to that depth of moral turpitude its influence would be lost—its power to do good or evil destroyed.

At the same time the disreputable schemes of the proprietors and publishers of the World and Morning Journal stamp are deplorable. They do much to undermine the character of respectable journalism, and they furnish an example which others, too weak or too venal to stand steadfast, may follow. THE MIRROR has always maintained an attitude of uncompromising exactitude in regard to this matter. Advertisements appear in its pages only where they belong—in the advertising columns. Not for the weight of the type in gold—not for any sum, however large—has any person ever procured and paid for a line in this paper that was not published as an advertisement.

It would be well if the same thing could be said of all papers. We hear a good deal about divorces nowadays. Are we likely to hear soon of the divorce of the counting-room and the editorial department?

Personal.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey is expected back from Europe on Sept. 1.

PAULTON.—Harry Paulton is writing a new topical song for The Queen's Mate.

MOUNTFORD.—Eva Mountford, who played a leading role in The Martyr at Madison Square, has been engaged for the dual role of Nance and Jess in Hoodman Blind.

DORR.—Dorothy Dorr, of A Possible Case company, is inhaling the salty ozone at Beach Bluff, Mass.

MARTINOT.—Sadie Martinot at last accounts was running up and down the Swiss mountains for her health.

FALKLAND.—Arthur Falkland and wife (Maida Craigen) sailed from Liverpool for this side on Thursday last.

JACOBS.—H. R. Jacobs is spending the Summer with his family at his cottage, Corinne Villa, at Sayville, L. I.

LESLIE.—Elsie Leslie has gone to Boston to originate the part of Lord Fauntleroy prior to its production in this city.

STERLING.—Earle Sterling has gone to Long Branch to spend a few weeks at Maggie Mitchell's suburban paradise.

DAVIS.—Jessie Bartlett-Davis has signed for next season with the Bostonians, and will not go to Europe, as has been stated.

ARCHER.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Archer arrived from Europe last Wednesday, after having remained only one week on the other side.

ROBERTSON.—Dr. T. S. Robertson has returned to town from Manchester by the Sea. Next week he will go to Saratoga for a brief visit to some friends.

DILLON.—Upon her appearance in The Wife in San Francisco, Louise Dillon was not permitted to speak for several minutes, so enthusiastic was her reception.

FIELD.—Emma Field has signed with Harry Kennedy for leading juvenile business in Lights and Shadows. Miss Field is a pretty woman and a cultivated actress.

FORSYTHE.—Kate Forsythe, who has been seriously ill at her home with inflammation of the lungs, contracted while she was yachting some time ago, is now on the road to recovery.

YEAMANS.—Annie Yeamans and her daughter Emily are at Richfield Springs, imbibing the medicinal virtues of the waters, and recuperating from the effects of their labors last season.

JOHNSTONE.—Sibyl Johnstone, who has been sojourning at Pleasure Bay, finds that resort somewhat monotonous, and so she will try the virtue of a change by removing to Atlantic City next Monday.

MORELAND.—Beatrice Moreland, a young actress who has advanced rapidly since she adopted the stage a few years ago, has been engaged for the leading part of Rachel in Held by the Enemy for the coming season.

SPENCER.—Lillian Spencer will not act next season on account of ill-health, but will give dramatic recitals and impersonations in costume, for which purpose she has been engaged by the American Lyceum Bureau of this city.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern has come to town from the Jersey Highlands to rehearse Lord Chumley at the Lyceum. In his walks about town he carries a ponderous, dog-eared Ms. under his arm, which is interpreted as a sign of hard study and "fat."

BOWERS.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers is thinking of buying a Summer residence on the banks of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The actress has lately been dealing largely, it is stated, in bonanza mining shares.

HENDERSON.—Ettie Henderson has three new plays on hand. Bound Forever is a drama with a realistic ship scene; In Tennessee is intended for a soubrette star, and Our Heroes is a military piece, the background of which is furnished by the war of the rebellion.

HOWARD.—Bronson Howard has been struck with a military fever, and his next comedy will be founded on incidents of the Rebellion. It will be produced at the Boston Museum in November, and follow at the Broadway, this city.

BELLINI.—Notwithstanding contrary reports Laura Bellini has not yet signed for next season. She has received several offers from leading operatic managers. J. C. Duff wants her to head a company which will go to California early in the season.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans has retired from the opera company under engagement at the Philadelphia Casino on account of the reduction of the prices of admission there. She will spend a few weeks at the seashore prior to opening in His Royal Highness next September.

REED.—John Roland Reed and wife, the parents of the popular comedian, are the guests of their son at Bath Beach. Reed pere will be eighty years old next Monday, and he is the oldest man in the profession. He has been connected with the Walnut Street Theatre for fifty-six years, and knows his business.

JANSEN.—On the first page of this issue we give a portrait of that clever little comic opera soubrette, Marie Jansen. Her career has been conspicuous for good work and the conscientious fulfillment of the artist's duties to manager and public. Miss Jansen's star is in the ascendant now and it is hoped she will continue to receive and merit the favor of the devotees of comic opera.

SOLLER.—Ida Sollee, a promising young actress of Jacksonville, Fla., is spending the Summer in this city, and will probably make arrangements for a metropolitan debut. According to the local papers in the cities where she has appeared, Miss Sollee is a second Mary Anderson. She is handsome, and is credited with the possession of wonderful emotional power. Miss Sollee is a member of an influential Southern family, and is entirely independent of the stage, which she follows as a matter of taste. She is known by the sobriquet, "The Florida Cracker."

The Usher.



Mean him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

It takes a good while sometimes for a piece of theatrical news to reach our daily papers. Last Saturday the *Herald* and several of its contemporaries published long accounts of Fannie Aymer Mathews' charge of plagiarism against Messrs. Belasco and DeMille in connection with *The Wife*. Miss Mathews' story of her experience with the Lyceum management appeared in *THE MIRROR* of May 12 last, or eleven weeks before it was given by the *Herald*. The only new development in the case is the retention of Lawyer John D. Townsend by Miss Mathews to begin legal proceedings against the alleged appropriators of her play, *Washington Life*.

The relations between the managerial Brothers Kiralfy are somewhat strained. The latest phase of their disagreement and separation appears in a scrap of intelligence which Bolossy's representative, Edmund Gerson, sends me. "The jealousy of Imre Kiralfy is so great toward his successful brother Bolossy," writes Mr. Gerson, "that he has special spies placed at the stage door of Niblo's attempting to prevent the girls from going in to rehearse. Tuesday morning I was obliged to rehearse for the police to have Imre Kiralfy's spies removed." If the fraternal warfare continues far enough along this line one of the brothers will probably make a spectacular dramatization of it.

Daniel Bandmann, who seems to be balked in his Hyde-like design to forestall Richard Mansfield in London, sometime ago related a story which was supposed to supply a motive for his rivalry. Mr. Bandmann claimed that he was refused seats for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde one night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mr. Mansfield, and stung by this overt rebuff he set about making and producing a version of his own which should sink the other into paltry insignificance. But Mr. Mansfield and his manager give a different account of the matter. Mr. Bandmann entered the lobby on the terminal Saturday night of the engagement in question, accompanied by three ladies, and approaching Mr. Price asked for four seats. The bill was a Parisian Romance. Mr. Price pointed to the crowd around the box-office and courteously stated that the business was so large he would be unable to grant the request. Mr. Bandmann then went to the stage-door and sent in his card to Mr. Mansfield with a renewed demand. To this the same answer was returned. What Jekyll and Hyde had to do with the matter does not appear—except in Mr. Bandmann's version of the little occurrence.

A fair correspondent writes me that there is no more interesting spectacle at Narragansett Pier than that of Edwin Booth, seated on the Casino veranda, teaching his grand-babies to say "moo," "bow wow," etc., to the great delight of the guests who see the great actor in this unstudied role. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Grossman, are a very devoted couple. Grossman is a Hungarian and speaks with a marked accent. Their oldest child—a girl two-and-a-half years old—has eyes like Mr. Booth. The little boy is blind.

By comparing my predictions last week respecting Mr. Palmer's probable plans in the event of his securing Wallack's with the announcements since made, it will be noticed that they tally perfectly.

To what an ebb has the Sunday newspaper fallen! The *World*, whose fate hangs entirely on the procurement of constantly succeeding sensations, and whose wane of startling stuff will preface the death of its popularity, could find nothing better to do last Sunday than retell the sentiments of several well-known comic opera and burlesque divinites respecting tight. The authorities quoted on this subject were no doubt reliable, but why, in the name of decent and dignified journalism, should a metropolitan newspaper give space to such rot? It is probable that the young women who brought both their legs and their intellects to bear in the *World's* symposium were willing contributors—at all events the contributions were signed with autographic fac-similes. But what is to be said of the illustrated article in the same number on society's female bathers at the seashore? And what words will fitly characterize the ribald pictorial exploitation we find there of a number of young girls in private life, dressed in the scantiest skirts of the artist's imagination, and with such painstaking elaboration of the lower limbs as is usually

found in the cartoons of the pink "flash" papers? The comic opera and burlesque dames evidently have no scruples on this point, but the shameful introduction into print of women not in public life by the medium of Frenchy process-cuts is an outrage. Ten years ago such an intrusion upon the personal rights of women would have been impossible in the pages of a metropolitan daily laying claim to any vestige of respectability. Such a journal as the *World* is an enemy to the decencies of life. Let us hope the reaction is not far off and that the time is near when daily journalism will be purged of the disreputable methods that at present disgrace it.

Had Mr. Palmer not secured Wallack's he would have been in possession of a theatre on Broadway anyway within a couple of years. For several months past he has contemplated building a place of amusement up town, and kept an eye open on several desirable sites. The new purchase, of course, renders that plan unnecessary. The announcement that Wallack's will be re-christened Palmer's Theatre meets with very general approval. The name of Wallack is no longer a power to conjure with, while on the other hand it is eminently fit that the name of Palmer in the annals of our stage should at this period of his honorable managerial career be linked with that of his new house.

The other day I related the adventures of a soulful young man and a romantic theatrical maiden who tried to have an idyllic picnic all by themselves, with consequences of the most melodramatic description. Early this week there was a mutual reconciliation, and to celebrate it appropriately they decided to spend the rest of the day amid the calm delights of a certain bucolic locality. So they wandered together through waving groves and cast pebbles into bawling crystal brooks. They drank in the fragrance of new-mown hay and strolled through undulating meadows knee-high in luscious verdure, be-starred with daisies and nodding ox-eyes. Thrushes carolled, bobwhites called blithely from their thick-leaved covers, and the drowsy hum of insects dreamily filled the air.

The rural thing was a distinct success until they happened to cross a field, in the centre of which, tethered to a stake by a long steel chain, there stood a lusty bull calf. The actress exclaimed, "Isn't she sweet!" and the young man pathetically thought that if he were a calf he would be able not only to wear laurels on his brows, but also to browse on his laurels. The actress stooped and gathered some purple clover blossoms. Still sweetly unconscious of the youthful bovine's sex and profession she handed them to her companion with the request that he should "give that to her." The young man took the dainty offering from the maiden's hand, experiencing an Amelie Rives thrill as their palms met, and advanced boldly into the circle patrolled by His Caliph. There was something in the animal's eye, however, that made him pause when at close quarters. He glanced furtively at the maiden who was watching him with interest, and then with a conciliatory "So, bossy, so, bossy," approached nearer. Then followed a remarkable lightning change. "Bossy" charged like all the famous three-hundred at Balaklava rolled into one. The young man was conscious of a wild rush and a peculiar sensation, something akin to that produced by a dynamite bomb in the region of his digestive organs. The only thing he could catch on to at that moment was the active calf, which began to roll over with him in a most unaccountable and unbovine manner. Then he extricated himself and determined on flight, but before he had run a yard he found his left leg twisted in the tethering chain and that diabolical calf pulling it tighter and tighter every instant. The prisoner bellowed lustily for help, which came presently in the person of a wall-eyed farmer, while the actress sunk to the ground overcome with mirth.

The young man was in such a weak state of mind that instead of threatening the hayseed with a lawsuit for the injury to his new suit of clothes, he paid that thrifty yokel a round sum for alleged damages to the calf. Then he indignantly asked the actress why she had laughed, and for answer she went into hysterics again. Then the young man asserted in a loud voice that he would have been all right if she hadn't frightened or infuriated the calf with her yellow hair. Whereupon her laughter turned to tears, and they separated in the next ten-acre lot to return to town separately, each vowing never to speak to the other again this side of the celestial regions.

An Incident on the Square.

Union Square had a sensation yesterday. The Thespian element which pervades that dramatic centre was comically reminded of former triumphs in the mimic world by a vociferous imitator of the volatile actor, although, to be sure, he was somewhat green, and his voice could hardly be termed musical. The aspirant for public attention was a large, handsome parrot, famous on the Square for his histrionic ability—doubtless attained during his residence with Henry Darian, whose establishment is a well-known rendezvous for artists in search of "stage-props." The noble bird was evidently profited by his acquaintance with doublet and hose, for, unable like his dramatic customers to resist an inclination to soar, he yesterday embraced an opportunity to escape from the open window of Room 28, Union Square Hotel, at present occupied by Darian, the theatrical goods furnisher.

It was a scene of wild delight for every newsboy, boot-black and idler within the Square radius. The knowing bird, doubtless impressed with the necessity of telegraphic despatch, perched complacently on the top wire fronting the hotel, sharpening his beak

gaily upon it, occasionally delighted his audience with the unsolved problem of Shakespeare's story. "To be or not to be," he seemed to ponder, "that is the question." "Come if the rose," he diversified by spasmodic demands for a cracker, possibly not prompted by the cravings of hunger, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, and to show that his elevated position had not affected his friendly disposition.

Many and frequent were the suggestions advanced by the interested spectators as to the possibility of regaining the trustful Follies, and finally one of the hotel porters, more adventurous than the rest, climbed the pole, watched with breathless interest by the crowd, and with wary hand grasped the combative bird firmly by its feet, a feat which was greeted with prolonged laughter and applause.

Slowly descending, the parrot meanwhile pecking viciously at the hand which held him, and loudly requesting his rescuer to go to one of those places which Mr. Follies had declined to visit, he delivered it to its owner none the worse for an aerial trip, and retired richer by a crisp two-dollar bill and the happy consciousness of being the hero of the hour among the rivals of the *salto*.

Miss Blythe's Plans.

J. F. Brien, manager of Helen Blythe, is very busy with preparations for next season. To a *Mirror* representative, who met him the other day, he said: "I have engaged an efficient company to support Miss Blythe next season, among whom are Clara Louise Thompson, late leading lady with Margaret Mather; Alice Wakefield, Marie Baker, W. T. Moreland, Cornelius Dolan, Frank Reddick, R. A. Fink, Adolph Klauer and little Elsie Kramer, while H. H. Nelson, late of Haverly's staff, will have charge of the business management. We open our season at Port Jervis, N. Y., on August 24, in the following repertoire: *Catharine Howard*, a great historical romantic play, which, strange to say, I have had to produce in New York; *Madame de Merteuil*, a play by the late Mrs. Potter; *Condemned*, *Not*, and *Article 47*. We shall have a season of forty weeks, all of which time is booked in week, two and three night stands. Miss Blythe's costumes will be made in New York by LeVie and Co., and Madame Smith, and will be historically correct. Miss Blythe speaks very enthusiastically of her reception in the South, having made many warm friendships which will be renewed next season. We will play as far South as Jacksonville, Fla., and West as far as Dakota.

"I have secured a new play for Miss Blythe entitled *Lorine*, which is said to be a second *Fedora*, and we will try it in about three weeks, probably in Cincinnati, and I have also secured another new play which has not as yet been named, and which is by a leading English author. It will be produced in New York in the Spring of next year. It has been only a few days since Miss Blythe will make her appearance at one of the principal theatres in London with an American company. C. R. Gardiner's contract with Miss Blythe expired at the close of last season, and I am her sole manager. Neither time nor expense shall be spared to make the tour an artistic as well as a financial success. A. S. Seer has the contract for all printing, and everything in that line will be entrusted to him. Miss Blythe has been improving greatly since leaving *Daily's* Theatre, and her progress has been rapid, rising step by step to her present position as one of the best paying attractions on the road. Time is now being made up for her, so that she will start in the fall with a very large repertoire, and has never been known to disappoint an audience."

Frits in Bedlam.

"Yes, I sail for Europe on August 1st," said J. K. Emmet to a *Mirror* representative. "My trip will be entirely for pleasure, and my wife will accompany me. We shall be abroad for two months, and will travel all over the continent. I shall return in time to commence my season at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, on November 1st. I have secured a new play by an English author entitled *In a Madhouse*, which I shall likely change to *Frits in Bedlam*. The play was produced in England several times, and I shall introduce several new specialties, and have also written some very pretty songs for the play. It is a comic-comedy, full of human nature, and I look forward to its successful production in the Fall."

"One of the principal features of my advertising for next season will be the distribution to all managers of theatres where I play of a full-size photograph of myself, taken by a professional photographer, for which I am now sitting at Sarony's. Mr. Sarony will also do the photographing, and he assures me it will be most artistic. I am busy now in the city making preparations for my departure, and look forward to my trip with great pleasure."

Palmer's Theatre, near Wallack's.

That papers were to be signed by which A. M. Palmer would come into possession of Wallack's Theatre was known positively for the first time on Monday of this week, although the fact had first been fore-shadowed in *THE MIRROR*, which last week predicted that matters would be settled before the publication of this issue. The documents were signed on Tuesday. In speaking of the matter to a representative of this paper, Mr. Palmer said: "Negotiations between Mr. Wallack, Theodore Moss and myself have been going on for some time; in fact, ever since it became known that Messrs. Abbey, Schoffel and Grau were not to continue as managers of the theatre. Now, it is hardly necessary to point out how valuable the house is by reason of its capacity and its location. Not only is the fine frontage on Broadway and Thirtieth street included, but the purchase takes in the building in the rear of the theatre on Thirtieth street, which affords a stage entrance to the theatre. The possession of a commodious up-town theatre has long been my wish, and from time to time I have received various propositions from capitalists owning property in different locations, coupled with offers to build me a theatre after my own ideas. Serious consideration was being given to some of these propositions when the opportunity of securing Wallack's presented itself to me, and I lost no time in improving it. In Wallack's I find substantially everything which would be needed by me in a new theatre, while the location of the house could not be excelled. Both before and behind the curtain the theatre is admirably adapted to the class of work which I wish to present, and which I have been identified in the past at the same time enabling me to essay much more serious and important productions, from a scenic point of view, than I could build me a theatre after my own ideas. 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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, July 12.

Sara Bernhardt's appearance at the Lyceum on Monday was the well theatrical "function" of the week. Everybody who is anybody—as the saying goes—felt bound to assist thereat, and Mayer and Sara must have had a regular gilt-edged send-off. When Mr. Irving is here he takes little or no money for "best parts" on a first night at the Lyceum. Irving always does things *en prince*, and it is his custom to invite Society—Society with a big S—and Society with a big S is very glad, indeed, to come.

There were fourteen rows of stalls at double prices at the Lyceum on Monday. Every seat was occupied. I don't know what sort of a personal free-list Mayer may have, but there certainly were none of the common or garden newspaper division present. The fourteen rows represented probably not far short of £350, and as the rest of the house was also filled to overflowing, you will allow that the management must have done well. The audience was a representative one, and seemed to me to include all sorts and conditions of men and women, always excepting poor people—so far as appearances go, I mean, of course. If some of your "road agents" could have dropped in promiscuous like and "gone over" the crowd the operation would have been most remunerative. It's a long time since I saw so many diamonds in one place at one time. Sir Frederick Leighton, president of our Royal Academy, invested the o. p. side of the auditorium with artistic merit, and posed and platitudinized as is his presidential wont. Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry and Ellen's daughters represented the English stage. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who claims to be more or less descended from the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Georges and other haughty stock—and who is familiarly but appropriately known as "Jumbo" to the irreverent—gave a political tone to the centre of the house. Rothschilds, Sassoons, and other magnates of Semitic finance, coruscated in private boxes. Cattle kings, silver ditto and queens to match—wealthy squatters and colonists of all denominations were scattered as thick as thieves—I mean leaves—in what's his name. But if I go on discoursing much more concerning the audience I shall have no room to say anything else, which would be no end of a pity.

Of course you know all about La Tosca, so there is no need for me to bore you with plot. If you want my opinion of the play, however, it is that the first two acts are a mere series of dull dialogues, which would not be tolerated for one moment in the work of an English playwright of the same position as Sardou. The last three acts are blood and thunder from start to finish, and blood predominates. For all this I am bound to say that much of the abuse which has been bestowed upon Sardou by French and other critics is by no means deserved. In constructing La Tosca he has evidently seen his duty—that is to say, his—Sara Bernhardt—before him a dead sure thing, and has gone for it (or her) "thar and then." He has fitted her as probably no one else could fit her, and the result is, perhaps, the most horribly morbid, disgusting but fascinating play that has ever been put upon the Lyceum boards. That's how it struck me, anyhow. As a matter of fact, the play consists of Sara and some puppets, and, providing always that Sara was the heroine, might just as well be played in dumb show as in dialogue. I have said that blood predominates. Of the four principals—Angelotti, Scarpia, Cavaradosi and La Tosca—the first poisons himself, the second is stabbed to the heart, the third is tortured and shot dead, and the fourth commits suicide. After this the play ends simply because all the principals being used up, the force of bloodshed can no further go.

But all this to the contrary notwithstanding, and ghastly as the play unquestionably is, I would not have missed Monday night's experience for a good deal. It was one of Sara's "good" nights, and those who know her will know what that means. From first to last she was simply superb. In the first two acts her opportunities are confined to erotic "cooings" with her lover, alternated by tiger cat-like fits of jealousy and various other well-approved tricks and manners of irresponsible harlotry. But in the third act, when she realizes the mischief her foolish jealousies has wrought, the change is marvellous. Henceforth she is a true, loving, passionate, devoted woman. The agony which she endures while her lover is being tortured, her piteous, frantic appeals to the obdurate Scarpia, her denunciations, prayers, entreaties, curses—well she just electrified the house, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. At the end of the third act she was recalled five times. Sara's triumph continued to the end. The murder of Scarpia was carried out by her in all its horrible details. I am told you wouldn't stand it in New York—but then you hadn't got Sara, and I suppose that made some difference. Of course we are to have La Tosca in English presently. S Grundy is, I believe, even now engaged upon the Englishing thereof, and it is said in certain scandal-loving circles that this circumstance satisfactorily accounts for the hysterical horror with which the original has been received in certain quarters. Our Bernhardt (Beere) is the young person who has elected to spread herself upon

the part. I shall be curious to see what she makes of it.

If I have said nothing about the other members of the cast it is because—with the exception of Berton (of the Porte St. Martin), who is excellent as Scarpia—they really don't matter much anyhow. I am told that the advance booking for La Tosca is immense. I fear that it will be even bigger for Francillon, which follows it. It has been persistently borne in upon what society is pleased to term its mind that Francillon is scarcely the sort of play to which Mr. Gilbert's young lady of fifteen would care to take her mother. Young ladies nowadays are so particular. All the same we are a moral nation, we are, and we have got to be wrote up as such, and don't you forget it.

Saturday was Irving and company's last night at the Lyceum until Christmas. This "last nighting" is always a serious matter with good Irvingites, but as the present occasion was also set apart for the fair Ellen's benefit, the function was, of course, still more functional—if the American language will kindly allow me the use of such a word in such a connection. That the house was crowded goes without saying. It was also enthusiastic, although the programme consisted merely of Mr. Calmoun's imitation blank verse "fancy," The Amber Heart, and that old and crusted pantomime-melodrama or melodramatic pantomime, Robert Macaire—two of the feeblest *plats* ever served up by the Lyceum chef. Miss Terry's impersonation of the amber-hearted Ellaline (the only endurable part in the play) was followed with much interest, and Irving was warmly welcomed as the scarecrow Macaire. At the finish came the inevitable speech, in which, with many touches of sly humor, Irving announced (as I told you months ago would be the case) that he will at Christmas revive Macbeth. (Thirteen years ago Henry tried it on with indifferent success. It is rumored that he has "another reading" now—not before it was wanted, say I.) Irving went on to say that Miss Terry will rest till Christmas, and will then return "from crown to the toe top full of the direst cruelty," in order to play Lady Macbeth. This is the first time in my recollection that Ellen has attempted the villainous. Her place on tour in Faust will be filled by Sister Marion—not a very strong substitute by-the-bye. Irving among other things said a good word for the coming Mansfield and his version (the only authorized, etc.) of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Also, he spoke highly of "the incomparable creations of Madame Sara Bernhardt which are in store for Lyceum patrons." But of these I have already spoken, so I will get clear away from this theatre while the chance remains.

Toole had also a farewell on Saturday, at his tiny house in King William street, Strand. Toole is a worthy little fellow, and is with us a popular droll, albeit you liked him not in the States—doubtless because of his inherent Cockneyism. Though his popularity in London is beyond doubt, it is a singular fact that Toole rarely makes money at his own house. He is, however, always sure of big receipts in the provinces, and these help him through whenever the Londoners' shelds don't flow in so freely as could be desired. At the close of Saturday's proceedings Toole made his customary comical speech, touching, as is his wont, on all sorts of subjects, from the classical to the commonplace; after which he started off on tour, and since then been playing The Don and other selections from his repertoire at various places in the Channel Islands. On Monday Toole's Theatre was taken over for one month by Lionel Brough and a strong company (including E. D. Ward, just back from Wallack's). Brough and company opened on Monday with The Paper Chase, a clever little farcical comedy by one Charles Thomas (of the Admiralty), which was originally produced at a matinee some little while ago and duly noticed.

Talking of matinees reminds me of one which I attended at the Strand on Tuesday, and which I am not likely soon to forget. The play was entitled A Lesson to Landlords; or, A Rustic Absurdity, in five acts. The author's name was not given, which, all things considered, was perhaps as well. It was decidedly the maddest if not the merriest matinee that I can easily remember. The plot, what there was of it, turned upon the course of true love falling to ruin, smooth mainly because the hero declined to subscribe to the doctrine that the world is flat and not round. The author's intention seemed to be to point the moral of the tyranny and chuckleheadness of English landlords and the dense stupidity of English peasants. The dialogue was compounded of old school-books and blatherskite mixed. Some of the lines were, to put it mildly, cerulean. The rest were either revolutionary or tedious. The whole was bosh. A certain method—albeit a bad one—in all his madness seemed to show that an adapter had been at work somewhere or other, but on Tuesday none of us could put a name to it. I have since heard that the basis of A Lesson to Landlords is an old Danish play called Erasmus Montanus. If there ever was anything in this work the adapter has utterly failed to bring it out, and the rest is silence.

In order, probably, to give a filip to his

latest production, Run Wild, Willie Edouin put on a curtain-raiser, called Cycling, at the Strand last night. It is an amusing trifle, for which Albert Chevalier is responsible. A young lady tricyclist comes to grief over a stone, buckles up her front wheel, and is turned over flat on her back. Enter to her a young man tricyclist, who restores her to consciousness, and while pretending to mend her machine, makes strong love to her. Finally she consents to accept the vacant seat on his tandem tricycle, in order that he may drive her to her home. As they are about to start enter her husband, to the disgust of young man tricyclist, who never dreamt that the lady was married. Husband thanks him and takes wife home on young man's tricycle. Young man thinks he will have a smoke. Curtain. Alice Atherton was very nice as the young lady tricyclist, but she was not well provided with opportunities. The chief merit of Cycling is its brevity. It only plays twenty-five minutes. Run Wild has been overhauled and furnished up. It goes better now than it did the first night, and business is looking up.

New York dudes interested in London fashions may be interested to know that London dudes have decided to quit wearing moustaches and drinking whiskey. Moustaches are going out and gin is coming in. Dudes at a distance please accept this intimation.

Jerome K. Jerome informs me that his play, Woodbarrow Farm, goes up at the Garrick when that theatre opens in the Autumn and also at the Madison Square Theatre this Fall.

Next Tuesday, at a Vaudeville matinee, there is to be tried a new play called Conscience. I don't know whether this has any connection with a play known on your side as Coward Conscience, but time and dramatic representation will show.—Versions of Mr. Barnes of New York continue to be shed upon unsuspecting English play-goers. The last to hand broke out at Sadlers Wells in Merrie Islington on Saturday night. It has been scissored and gummed together by one W. Calvert, and is perhaps as good as the previous versions, if not better. It wouldn't have to be over-good to deserve this commendation, but that by the way.—Wilson Barrett and Co.'s Ben-My-Chree will be withdrawn from the Princess on Saturday. "Hustler" Kelly announces a revival of The Shadows of a Great City on Monday, pending the production of The Still Alarm.—Henry Pettitt, having taken G. R. Sims back into collaboration, Paul Meritt has now consented to give Sims a trial on work for the American market.—On Monday next, at Paddington, several pretty and other actresses are going to play a cricket match against certain actors and newspaper men. The ladies are to wear bats. The men will sport broomsticks. Look out for heavy scoring by GAWAIN.

Gleanings of the Week.

To what lengths the souvenir fever carries some people! The latest freak in this respect emanates from the management of The Kitty company, who propose to buy up all the infantile cats they can find, and present one to each lady who attends. Imagine three or four hundred women emerging from the theatre and tramping the streets with kittens under their arms, or in satchels, baskets, etc., each kitten having a specially amewing argument of its own, and one cannot fail to see the importance of the advertisement. It ought to squelch any political mass meeting or torchlight procession.

According to THE MIRROR's route column, which is admitted by the entire profession to be the only correct, elaborate and complete list published, between eighty and ninety companies are still on the road. This includes circuses, minstrels, variety companies, wild west shows, equine exhibitions, etc. There were only thirty-three strictly dramatic companies playing last week, and in all probability they will be materially diminished this week. In about two weeks, however, many will commence the new season.

Marc Klaw, of the firm of Klaw and Erlanger, is hugely gratified by the success that has rewarded the first Summer's work of Taylor's Exchange under the new management. "I confess that I am astonished," said he the other day to one of our Gleaners, "to find such a wide field for operations as this business affords. It is a bigger thing than I had any idea of. The reason why managers' agencies hitherto enjoyed more disrepute than favor was simply that they were unfairly conducted. There can be no prosperity in it unless an absolutely honest and impartial policy is strictly adhered to. That's the sort of policy we adopted when we took hold of the Exchange."

"A manager's agent cannot serve two masters. The interests of the local manager and the travelling manager are divergent. No representative can fairly attend to the business of both ends. We don't try to do it. We don't care to book entire routes, and except occasionally, decline to do it. We fill time for over 250 theatre manager customers, and have no entanglements that prevent our doing them full justice. All managers of companies are free to come to our offices and look over the open time without any charge whatever. I am glad to say we have the confidence of those we represent, and we are careful of their interests."

"How it is possible in the agency business to make such gross blunders as are frequently heard of—booking two companies for the same night in one theatre, etc.—is beyond my comprehension. The system of keeping track of every move is as simple and easy as rolling off a log. A first class exchange here is a necessity to out of town managers, and ours, I feel certain, is expanding to most important proportions." To judge from the crowds of managers daily congregating at Klaw and Erlanger's, and of the hum of business always heard there, the establishment is booming. Everybody dealing with the concern speaks in the highest terms of its methods, and THE MIRROR is therefore glad to take cognizance of the fact.

The dramatic version of Amelie Rives' "The Quick or the Dead," which C. W. Durant has secured, was written by a gentleman in no way connected with the stage. It is in four acts, and the novel is followed closely. Mr. Durant is enthusiastic over his purchase, which he believes will be a veritable sensation. He neither admits nor denies that Estelle Clayton will play the part of Barbara, but the probabilities seem to be that she will. Mr. Durant has already secured the Fifth Avenue Theatre for the production, which will take place on Sept. 15. Several weeks' time is held in case the play makes a hit. James Schonberg has been engaged to direct the stage and sketch the scenery, which will be thoroughly characteristic of the Southern locality in which the story is laid.

Edward Michael, business manager for J. W. Pigott, arrived in the city from England on Tuesday last by the *Fulda*. In speaking to a MIRROR representative about his star and the play of Fitznoodle, Mr. Michael said:

"We have decided to give the piece a London production first, and for that reason our three weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, beginning on August 30, are for sale. In fact, I am negotiating now with a manager who wants them. The play will first be seen at a matinee in London, and then will be put on for two weeks in October, after which we shall return home."

Some of the out-of-town managers at present in the city are real *cute*, and there are very few who can be fooled when it comes to engaging attractions. One of them, whose house is seldom occupied for more than three nights at a time by any show, was talking in an agency up-town about We, Us & Co.

"Does Sally Price go with you?" he asked the agent.

Though the lady was only one of the chorus the season before, the man saw that affirmative answer was expected.

"Oh, yes, of course," was his reply.

"Well, all right, then, I'll sign. But I want it to go down in the contract that she's with you. There's too much of this promising great artists with your companies and then not bringing them. I'm getting tired of it."

The form of instruction to be followed at Mr. Palmer's dramatic school will be new and exceedingly practical. Twelve standard comedies will be first selected, and the whole of the sixty pupils put at work studying them. In each every male student will have to prepare himself in every male part, and every female student in every female role. Then at the assembly in the theatre Director Boucicault will each day call up to the stage at random a complete cast for the piece in hand. They will proceed with certain scenes, and their errors corrected on the moment in the presence of the observers. Every correction will be accompanied by the reason dictating it. Then the cast will be changed about, Rosalind playing Celia or Juliet the Nurse, and thus proficiency will be achieved in all the roles.

"Mr. Palmer will then have a company, or, rather, four companies," says Mr. Boucicault, "au fait in a dozen plays, and an actor or actress can be drawn at will who is qualified on occasion to fill any character in any one of them. Of what regularly organized stock company can the same thing be said? As a rule you wouldn't draw the right card from such a pack." The current play at the Madison Square will also be rehearsed, so that competent understudies galore will be constantly ready to fill vacancies or give the entire performance if need be. The Wednesday matinees will be devoted to trial productions of new plays.

Nellie Lingard, the soubrette, who left this country for England almost two years ago, is prospering so well on the other side that there is little likelihood of her returning here for some time. To a friend in this city she writes: "I am back in dear old London, and have been doing the theatres and having a good time generally. Miss Cone is with me. I have not settled for next season, although I have some good offers. My idea is to take a play on tour. I made a nice little sum with the Shadows of a Great City, and so I feel I can afford to wait. I may produce my new play at a matinee. I feel sure that it will be a go. I suppose you know that John F. Sheridan and a company left for India some time ago for a year's trip. I could have gone, but the weather there—bah! It's been awful here, and I don't care to experience worse."

The enterprising young man with blue eyes and a bulging forehead who has been going about town for some time fleecing actresses on the plea that he is an actor and in distress, sometimes represents himself as the brother of

Annie Clarke, of the Boston Museum. Miss Clarke writes a letter denying the fellow's claims. "I have no relatives upon the stage," she says, "and the man is a stranger to me. I regret that my name should have been used to extort money from any one." The impostor usually makes his calls at an early hour in the morning with some harrowing tale. At times he wants railway fare to a Connecticut town where his mother lies at the point of death; at others he is in need of food. He usually manages to bag from one to five dollars, according to the means and sympathies of his victims. He frequently sends in well-written letters, wherein his woes are graphically depicted. It is strange that the police have not yet interrupted this gentleman's checkered career.

Charles Osgood, the agreeable and clever young man entrusted with the management of Harris' Theatre at Louisville, has been spending some time in New York. Mr. Osgood has had excellent opportunities for observing the popular-price branch of amusements in all its bearings, and he has some very sensible ideas on the subject.

"The prejudice against cheap theatres," he says, "is wearing away, for professional appreciation the important part they have come to play in current theatricals. When the thing was new nearly all the cheap theatre companies were roving bands of fakers. But gradually good actors began to sniff good profits from afar off. When plays became a little threadbare and no longer attractive at the high-priced houses they were found suitable for the popular places. There is unquestionably a big difference in the commercial value of different performances. Some are worth the higher price—a good many are not. And so the cheap circuit theatres have an illimitable supply while the high rate houses suffer no particular damage therefrom."

"A great majority of play-goers in the outlying cities are people of very moderate means, such as clerks, salesmen and book-keepers. Well, in former days, a theatre visit to them was an infrequent event, costing so much that the necessary money was seriously felt. Now they can go once a week and take their girls without much expense."

"Actors complained at first of the excessive work required of them at the cheap theatres, but the adoption most everywhere of the three matinees-a-week plan has reduced the labor to such a point that it cannot justly be considered a source of dissatisfaction. Nine performances in six days doesn't over-fatigue those who, during the season, haven't to give much of their time to study and rehearsals. As for the managers, they find the cheap places of amusement lucrative. There has been but one losing week come under my knowledge since I have been connected with Mr. Harris' system of theatres. Many attractions have made comfortable fortunes in them that would have starved to death in the high price establishments."

Thomas M. Hunter, after spending thirty-two years of his life on the stage, tells the Gleaner that he has decided to abandon the profession and go into commercial pursuits. He has had an excellent position offered him by the manufacturers of a popular fire-extinguisher which he will accept.

Mr. Hunter says that he loves the footlights as much as ever, but the profession has become so big with immature one-part "actors" that he doesn't care to continue in it. He has devoted his life to legitimate work and the present condition of affairs, he asserts, fills his soul with disgust. Mr. Hunter made his first appearance at the Boston Museum in '56, receiving a salary during that year of \$5 a week. He was a protégé of E. L. Davenport, who took an interest in his career.

He played in nearly all the stock companies of the East and South and supported most of the stars, Forrest included. He was a favorite of Salvini, who has an equally great regard for him personally and professionally. Last season he played with Milton Nobles and made a hit in From Sire to Son. Mr. Hunter says he will keep an affectionate eye always on theatricals and theatrical people.

A. C. Townsend, a young man who acted as advance agent for the Jim the Penman company last season, and who has been engaged to go with Rose Coghlan's company next season, bears the proud distinction at the present moment of managing an organization of which two titled people are members. They are Sir William Young, Bart., the son of Sir Charles Young, the author of Jim the Penman, and his wife, Lady Young. The other members are George Belford and Stella Maris, and the repertoire comprises plays by Sir Charles Young and recitations by Mr. Belford. The fashionable Summer resorts are the objective points of the company, which is known as the Philo-Thespians.

He was a business manager, and his face looked sad, as he said in a most convincing way: "I have never seen so much misery among the profession as this Summer, and I never hope to see so much again. Have you not noticed it, and if you have, can you tell me the reason of it? There seems to be so many actors dead broke, and without a dollar to their names or credit. And yet the past season was a proportionately good one. Can it be that I am running across more hard-up actors than other people? I have seen a lot of hidden misery this Summer, and it is hard to banish it from my mind."

The Actors' Heirloom.

Bohemian ones, however, ever, so matter where fortune locates us, it is impossible to disguise our proclivities, and the tendency toward the free and artistic expression itself under every sun and under all circumstances. The search for the curious, historical and picturesque in a new country like this, or, rather, in its cities, is generally unsatisfactory in its results, unless one happens to find an appreciative dealer, with an artistic eye and business enough to warrant the importation of foreign treasures from a by-gone age. But the artistic optics of such men are never without the alloy of the main chance, and if one eye appreciates the artistic beauty, the other is wide awake to the marketable value, generally so far beyond the reach of the enthusiastic bohemian worshipper that they can only admire, sigh and pass on, leaving the gem to the fast purse of some parvenu, who purchases simply because it is the representation of so much wealth and likely to be the cause of envy and awe to his or her fellow opponents.

However, there are one or two private individuals who are collectors for the pure love of it, and who understand the art and appreciate a "find" only when accompanied by substantial facts or the most reliable history. Such a man exists in Chicago, the proprietor of a business institution to tickle the palates rather than administer to the minds of its customers. Yet above the store—one of the finest on State Street—is a large and lofty room devoted entirely to the exhibition of curiosities from all climes, to which the public is admitted at all hours, free of charge.

It was my luck, while hunting carmelas, to tumble upon this unexplored and wonderful museum, and found "Sweet's to the Sweet," one of the most interesting additions to my fifty-cent investment. It was my good fortune to run across.

The proprietor, Mr. Gunther, the candy manufacturer, whose love of Shakespeare and the drama enables him by instinct to detect a knight of the boards and eagerly seizes the opportunity of a confab upon his adored hobby, with the greatest kindness, personally did the honors of his treasure-house, and disclosed to my astonished eyes a collection of original MSS. of plays hundreds of years old. First copies of rare old books, the value of which is beyond estimate and worthy of a national museum; first copies of the Ireland forgeries, original portraits of European celebrities, long since in their graves, autographs and letters of poets, play-writers, actors and authors, who lived when the drama was yet young; before drama was invented, and when ice-cream was a luxury known only to the inhabitants of the polar regions. The beauty of this priceless literary collection is enhanced by its clever classification and erudite description of each artist as it comes glibly from the tongue of the enthusiastic owner, together with reminiscences and associations contemporaneous with its history.

From the secret recesses of a large iron safe, among other curiosities too precious for the eyes of the vulgar, Mr. Gunther mysteriously produced a small tin box, about twenty-one inches in circumference, and exhibited a treasure the like of which has rarely been seen; in fact, there are but two or three in existence, and I doubt if its fellow is to be found in any of our public museums. On removing the lid it at first appeared to be nothing but a mass of jet black, glossy hair, as fine as silk. This, lifted from the box and unrolled, revealed a human Indian head, from which skull and bones had been removed, leaving only the flesh and scalp, dried as hard as ivory and shrunk, by some process known to the ancient Mexicans, to the size of a duck's egg. The hair, reaching to the shoulders, was long and luxuriant as in life. The features had not suffered any distortion from their marvellous diminution, but were as perfect as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope, the ears being particularly delicate. From the lip, chin, brow and eyelids sprouted short spears of strong hair, lighter in color and coarser in texture than from the head. It is said to be a hundred years old, and manufactured mostroously to excite the wonder of the gullible but a genuine, unique specimen of the barbaric reverence in which the Aztecs held their chiefs and heroes. This wonderful thing, I need hardly say, is not shown to every man who purchases candy, but is reserved for the enthusiast and those who are happy enough to excite interest in the enviable owner.

Among the rarer autographs is one of William Shakespeare, verified by a chronological list of owners and mentioned in several works on the subject as one of the few authentic samples of the poet's calligraphy.

But the gem of the entire collection, the most interesting to our profession and the chief object of our quest, is what I am certain ought to be considered as the legitimate heritage of the American actor—a portrait of the bard and likely enough the long-lost portrait from the brush of Rubens, painted in 1597, when Shakespeare was thirty-three years of age. I must call it in technical terms only to be confused without substantiating anything; suffice it to say, it is almost life-size, and represents the familiar head in all the majesty of Ingelstrolch's "The Bard." The face is rather more hair on it and less on the face than we are wont to see in the later portraits. The flesh tints and shadows are particularly life-like, and yet there is something about it suggestive of the amateur, or one, at all events, whose time was not wholly devoted to art. And it is fair enough to presume Rubens was not a professional portrait painter.

The Felton portrait, from the Old Boar Tavern in Eastcheap, London (the Rialto of those days), is described as being seated, with one hand resting on the head of a dog, with the initials "R. B." on the back of the picture. The Felton portrait, as it is called, is supposed to be a copy of the Felton. It reaches little lower than the bust, but the line of the arm, where it fades into the deep tones of age, indicates a position of some action or occupation rather than the passive pose. It would naturally take if a bust picture had been the artist's object. Around the lower part of the body, reaching up on either side to the shoulders, is a wreath of laurel leaves, the color appearing fresher and brighter than the tones of the rest, would warrant if painted at the same time, giving the idea it was added later, presumably at the time the picture was cut down and re-backed by another canvas. This backing, itself an ancient piece of material, precludes all opportunity for search for the initials of the actor-artist, for the original or surface canvas is so rotten that any attempt would result in the destruction of the portrait. The square chestnut frame, with its oval wood, is eaten and discolored, is contemporaneous and evidently the work of a carpenter (or overy-man) and not that of a regular frame-maker.

Although not long in the possession of Mr. Gunther, it has been some years in America and can be traced back to the last century as one of the lots in an auction sale at Bristol; further than that it is difficult to say where it was. But as the proofs of its authenticity are, they are sufficient to excite from within interest, and giving it the benefit of the doubt, steps should be taken to secure such a valuable memento to the profession most likely to render it the highest reverence and the greatest appreciation. I heartily recommend every actor and actress visiting Chicago to make a pilgrimage to the shrine and do homage before this relic. Let them judge for themselves and vent their opinions through these kindly columns.

The Actor's Fund should own it as a gift from the entire profession.

The actors' organ, THE MIRROR, will, I know, lend its aid towards this desirable end and money will be forthcoming. The names of a few influential men are all that is required to start the ball rolling, and negotiate the purchase from its present owners of this Shakespearean heirloom to the American actor.

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON.

Wagner's Earliest Opera.

The first performance of Wagner's opera, Die Feen, written fifty-five years ago, took place at Munich on June 9, and attracted a great number of musicians and critics, who were agreeably surprised at the dramatic force of the piece and the vigor of its choruses. The production is described as a decided success.

The plot is as follows: The young Prince Armidia loves the fairy Ada, whom he has married upon the condition that he will not ask her name for eight years. At the end of the time, by putting the question, he submits himself to the trials imposed, as the price of his wife, by the fairy king. The first act closes upon a brilliant scene on the fairy realms. In the second act the Prince's army goes out to battle. Ada demands her children, and throws them into a lake of fire. At the same time news of the overthrow of his army by a supernatural warrior, is received by the Prince. He himself forgets his vow of constancy, and he curses her. Ada restores the children, made immortal by the fire, and informs the Prince that the messenger was false. She is then turned into stone, and news comes of the Prince's victory instead of his defeat.

Celebration of the victory which in the third act. Armidia is then found by the fairy king, and the love of his wife, who is only to be restored by his braving certain subterranean dangers. Protected by a magic sword and shield, he arrives at last before his stone bride, whom he disenchants with a fairy hymn. They are then received into the fairy kingdom in the midst of an extraordinarily beautiful stage-setting. The piece is said to be remarkable in the steady progression of the interest to the final climax and for its universally fine spectacular capacity.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers and Agents of traveling companies will favor us by sending their advance dates every week, mailing them in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

AGOSTINI DALY'S CO.: London, Eng., May to the close of July.

A. NOBLE ROGUE CO.: Chicago, Ill., July 16— indefinite.

BOSTON IDEAL U. T. C. Co.: St. Paul, Minn., July 15— week.

SAVATYAY CO.: Denver, Col., July 15— week; Aspen 20, 21, Leadville August 1-3, Canyon City 3, Colorado Springs 4, Hastings, Neb., 5, Lincoln 6— close.

BROKEN HEARTS CO.: Hackensack, N. J., August 6, Somerville 7, Lowell 8, Sing Sing 9, N. Y., 10, Newburgh 10, Mattawana 11, Danbury, Conn., 12, Catskill, N. Y., 14, Chatham 15, Philmont 16, Troy 17, North Adams, Mass., 18.

CLARK PATTER CO.: Waukegan, Ill., July 16— indefinite.

CATTLE KING (J. H. Wallick) Co.: San Francisco, July 16— two weeks.

CEVETI STIFF CO.: Chicago, July 16— six weeks.

CONRAD THE COMRADE CO.: Chicago, Ill., June 18— indefinite.

OSMAN THOMPSON: New York, August 30— indefinite.

ELMER GOODRICH CO.: Lincoln, Neb., July 15— week; Omaha, 20— week; Atchison, Kan., August 6— week; Leavenworth 12— week.

EVIE ELLISER CO.: N. Y. City July 15— indefinite.

F. D. SOTHERN: New York, August 13— indefinite.

FRED WARD: Portsmouth, O., August 2.

FREDERICK LORANGER'S DRAMATIC CO.: Mount Pleasant, Mich., July 25— 26, East 27— 28.

FANNY DAVENPORT CO.: San Bernardino, Cal., July 15— 26, Pasadena 27, Santa Barbara 28, Sacramento 30, 31, Stockton August 1, San Jose 2, Oakland 3-4, Portland, Ore., 5, week.

GUS WILLIAMS CO.: Miles City, Mont., July 26, Bismarck 27, Jamestown 28.

GEORGE J. CURTIS CO.: Jonesport, Me., July 23— week.

GEORGIE HAMILTON CO.: Boone, Ia., July 23— week; Spirit Lake, for the Summer, July 23— indefinite.

HENRY LEE CO.: Chicago, July 2— indefinite.

HELENE ADRIEL CO.: Cortland, N. Y., July 27.

KATE CLAXTON: New York, Aug. 30— two weeks.

KRALUP'S MATHEIAS SANDORF CO.: New York, Aug. 30— indefinite.

LOST IN LONDON CO.: Duluth, Minn., July 25-26, Brainerd 27, Fargo, Dak., 28, Grand Forks 30, Crookston, Minn., 31, Moorhead Aug. 1, Jamestown, Dak., 2, Valley City 3, Devils Lake 4, Minn., 5, Park Falls, Minn., 7, St. Cloud 8, Stillwater 9, Chippewa Falls, Wis., 10, Eaglewood, Ill., 11, Chicago 13— week.

LIZIE EVANS: Stockton, Cal., July 26, Sacramento 27— 28.

MUGGS LANDING CO.: Atlantic City, N. J., July 23— week.

MATTHEW HOWA'S CO.: Kewanee, Ill., July 23— week.

NEW YORK LYCEUM CO.: San Francisco, Cal., July 16— two weeks.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE (G. A. Hill's) Co.: Amsterdam, N. Y., July 15— week; Canastota 20— week.

SOAP BUBBLE CO.: San Francisco July 16— three weeks.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Los Angeles, Cal., July 21— week; San Diego 30-31, Riverside August 5, Santa Ana 8, San Bernardino 2-4, Portland, Ore., 30— week.

SHE (Webster-Brady) Co.: Virginia City, Nev., July 26, Sacramento 27— 28.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL CO.: Escanaba, Mich., July 26, Ishpeming 27, Marquette 28.

THOMSON AND FLYNN'S CO.: Cobleskill, N. Y., July 24-27, Sharon Springs— indefinite.

THE FOUR CO.: San Francisco, July 16— two weeks.

RENO, Nev., 30, Virginia City 31, Carson City August 1, Salt Lake, Utah, 3-4, Montrose, Col., 6, Gunnison 7, Salida 8, Leadville 9, 11, Canon City 13, Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15.

THREE WINGS TO ONE HUSBAND CO.: Dodge City, Kas., July 25-26, Larned 27-28, Hutchinson 30-31, Newton August 1-2, Winfield 3-4, Arkansas City 6-7, Wichita 10-11, Emporia 12-14.

AMERICAN OPERA CO.: Philadelphia, Pa., July 16— indefinite.

BUJOE OPERA CO.: Little Rock, Ark., June 25— indefinite.

CORINNE CO.: Boston July 2— indefinite.

CORINNE-HERRMANN OPERA CO.: St. Louis, Mo., June 18— indefinite.

CARLEON OPERA CO.: Cincinnati July 9— six weeks.

DESMOND-STARR OPERA CO.: Madison, Wis., Aug. 27— week.

HENRY OPERA CO.: Milwaukee, Wis., July 16— indefinite.

HEINRICH'S OPERA CO.: Philadelphia July 2— indefinite.

LYCEUM OPERA CO.: Washington June 11— indefinite.

MCCALL'S CO. (No. 1): New York City July 16— indefinite.

MCCOLLIN OPERA CO.: Cincinnati, July 9— three months.

NORA FAMILY: Iron Mountain, Mich., July 25-26, Crystal Falls 27-28, Bessemer 30-31, Washburn, Wis., Aug. 1-4, Bayfield 1-4.

NELSON'S SPANISH OPERA CO.: San Francisco June 11— indefinite.

PIKE OPERA CO.: Los Angeles, Cal., July 16— indefinite.

QUEEN'S MATR CO.: New York August 13— indefinite.

KISING AND HAMILTON'S OPERA CO.: Atlantic City, N. J., July 16— indefinite.

TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: St. Joseph, Mo., July 26— indefinite.

THEODORE THOMAS CO.: Chicago, July 9— one month.

W. S. MOORE'S OPERA CO.: Cape May, N. J., July 2— indefinite.

MINSTRELS.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS: Leadville, Col., July 23-26, Pueblo 27, Colorado Springs 28, Hastings, Neb., 30, Council Bluffs, Ia., August 1, Omaha, Neb., 2, Des Moines, Ia., 4, Chicago 3— week.

GOULD BROTHERS' CO.: Cincinnati, O., July 1— indefinite.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS: Kalamazoo, Mich., July 26, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels: Manchester, N. H., August 2, New York 27— week.

L. JOHNSON'S MINSTRELS: Los Angeles, Cal., June 25— indefinite.

MCMIN, RAMZA AND ARNO'S MINSTRELS: Fort Wayne, Ind., July 26.

MCMIN AND HEATH'S MINSTRELS: Portland, Ore., July 30— week.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS: Atlantic City, N. J., July 30— nine nights.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

LUCIER FAMILY: Orono, Me., July 26, Bar Harbor 27-28.

RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.: Los Angeles, Cal., July 23— week; Oakland 30, San Jose Aug. 1, Stockton 2, Sacramento 3-5, Virg. City, Nev., 6-7, Carson 8, Reno 9, Salt Lake, Utah, 11, Cheyenne, Wyo., 12, Hastings, Neb., 14, Lincoln 15, Council Bluffs, Ia., 16, Omaha, Neb., 17-18, Chicago, Ill., 20— two weeks.

STERN-KULSHRECK CO.: Raleigh, N. C., July 25-26.

TONY PASTOR CO.: Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 6.

ADULTY PARK 7, Trenton 8, Atlantic City 9-11.

CIRCUSES.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS: Chicago, Ill., July 26, Dubuque, Ia., 27, Freeport, Ill., 28, Elgin 30, Rockford 31, Madison, Wis., Aug. 1, Janesville 2, Racine 3, Milwaukee 4.

BEACH AND BOWEN'S CIRCUS: Earlville, Ia., July 26, Manchester 27, Winthrop 28.

CIRCUS ROYAL: Boston, Mass., July 16— indefinite.

FORRESTER'S CIRCUS: Dover, N. H., July 26, Portsmouth 27, Manchester 28.

HUNTING'S CIRCUS: Reading, Pa., July 26-28, Lancaster 30, Aug. 1, Columbia 2-4, Lebanon 5-7.

IRWIN BROTHERS' CIRCUS: Worcester, Mass., July 23-26, Webster 27-28.

MILLER AND FREEMAN'S CIRCUS: Cornwall, Cal., July 26, Prescott 27, Brookline 28.

RINGLING BROTHERS' CIRCUS: Sandborn, Ia., July 26, Sheldon 27.

ROBBINS' WILD WEST CIRCUS: Port Jervis, N. Y., July 26, Milledown 27, Goshen 28.

SHIELDS' CIRCUS: Chattanooga, Tenn., July 23— week.

WALTER S. MAIN'S CIRCUS: Boston, N. Y., July 26, Montclair 27, Passaic 28, Nyack, N. Y., 30.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARTHOLOMEW'S EQUINES: Portia, Ill., July 23— week.

BRYSTOL'S EQUINE SHOW: Boston, Mass., June 25— indefinite.

EUGENE ROBINSON'S FLOATING PALACES: Moundsville, W. Va., July 26.

GILMORE'S HAND: Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, N. Y., July 1— for the Summer.

KRALUP'S NAUO CO.: Staten Island, N. Y., for the Summer.

PAIKIN'S BURNING OF OLD LONDON: Manhattan Beach June 18— for the Summer.

PARKER'S BURNING OF OLD LONDON: Manhattan Beach June 18— for the Summer.

PROF. WILBUR'S EQUINE CURRICULUM: Boston, June 25— indefinite.

THEATRE'S BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS: Brighton Beach July 2— for the Summer.

WILD WEST: Erie, Pa., May 30— indefinite.

CASINO.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson, Broadway and 34th Street, Manager.

Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

30 Cents. ADMISSION. 50 Cents. 75 Cents.

Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$2, \$3, \$5.

The Sparkling Comic Opera in three acts, entitled

NADJY.

Great Cast. Chorus of 55. Orchestra of 24.

MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.

ROOF GARDEN CONCERT AFTER OPERA.

ST. GEORGE, STATEN ISLAND.

EVERY EVENING AT 8:30 O'CLOCK.

IN RE KIRALUP'S

Colossal Historical Spectacle,

NERO;

OR, THE FALL OF ROME.

THE GRANDEST PRODUCTION OF THE AGE.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Boats leave Battery every 15 minutes. Fare only 10 cents. Amusement grounds directly opposite the ferry landing. Admission, 50c. Grand Stand 25c. extra.

Tickets for sale at principal R. R. stations, freestanding on Union Square; at all Elevated R. R. stations, and at all principal hotels.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer. Lead Air. Sole Manager.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

The Favorite Actress,

EFFIE KLISLER.

In a new play, especially adapted for her, by Clinton Stuart, Esq., entitled

THE KEEPSAKE.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

ALTOONA, PA.

THE NEW ELEVENTH AVENUE

OPERA HOUSE.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY.

This elegant opera house will be built on the site of the old R. R. House, under the supervision of the celebrated architect, Mr. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, and will open about Oct. 1, 1888, with

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Stage 36 feet deep, 75 feet wide and 30 feet high. Seating capacity about 1,500. Edison lanterns; electric lights. The whole house beautifully upholstered, decorated and carpeted, and the most approved folding opera chairs will be used throughout. For rent per time address

E. D. GRISWOLD, care Klaw & Erlanger, Taylor's Exchange, 21 E. 14th St., New York.

ALTOONA, PA.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

Don't be misled by advertisements which state that another new house is being erected on the site of the Eleventh Avenue Opera House.

THE MOUNTAIN CITY THEATRE

IS THE ONLY NEW THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Auditorium on the ground floor. The handsomest and most complete theatre in the State. The only legitimate theatre in the city, patronized by the elite. Seating capacity, 1,700. Some good open time for first-class attractions only. Address JOHN KASTEN-DIKE, Manager, 37 Clifton Place, Brooklyn.

ATHENS, GA.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 800. Stage 100x60. Opera chairs.

Scenery New and Complete.

BOOKING FOR 1888-89.

Three Railroads. Five hours ride to Atlanta, Augusta and Macon.

HORACE CRANFORD, Manager.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

POTTER'S OPERA HOUSE.

Has been entirely remodeled, with new Boxes, Scenery, Chairs and Balcony. Seating capacity, 800, and will be ready to open Sept. 1, 1888. Bowling Green is located on main line of L. & N. R. R., about midway between Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn. Address POTTER BROS., Bowling Green, Ky.

BUTLER, PA.

BUTLER OPERA HOUSE.

Seating capacity, 700. Full scenery. Heated and lighted by gas and electricity.

Now booking for season of 1888-89. Fair dates Sept. 10 to 14. Share only, and with none but first-class attractions. Only one attraction in the United States.

J. B. CAMPBELL, Manager.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

SOUTHERN SCENIC STUDIO.

The Largest in the South. Drop curtains a specialty. Scenery shipped to all parts of the United States. Address EUGENE CRAMER, Columbia, S. C.

CAMDEN, S. C.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 750. J. L. BRASINGTON, Manager.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

F. L. O'NEILL, Lessee. J. F. O'NEILL, Manager.

Now open for engagements. On line of all street cars. Capacity, 1,500. 100 private boxes. Stage 64 feet deep, 10 wide. Six large dressing rooms on stage floor. Latest patent folding chairs. Ventilation and heating perfect. Covers more ground than any building in city, and plenty of open space around. Bright, new scenery, fine orchestra. Special inducements to companies. Managers during time address J. F. O'NEILL, Charleston, S. C., or T. H. WINKETT, 30 Union Square, New York. Prices of admission, 50c, 75c, 1.00; box seats, \$1.

DURHAM, N. C.

STAKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 800. New scenery. Good theatre town. Share or rent. J. T. MALLORY, Manager.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

MYARS' OPERA HOUSE.

House new; everything complete. Seating 1,000. Combustion heating dates most contract direct with STEWART AND CARPENTER, Managers, Or through their agents, Klaw and Erlanger, 23 East 14th Street, New York.

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GADSDEN,

The Palmy Day Tragedian.



"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls," murmured the tragedian, and then for a moment he seemed lost in thought.

It was the comedian's opportunity, and he seized it: "Who steals my purse steals trash." "Me, too," sighed the tall man with asthma.

The Lyceum School man felt that the conversation was drifting in a dangerous direction, but he had thoughtfully put on his other pantaloon that morning, so he resolved to remain during the session.

"And," continued the friend of Forrest, "I might add parenthetically that there is a divinity that shapes our ends rough—bew them how we will." I am aware that mine is not the accepted rendering of this oft-quoted paragraph, yet is a reading that is instructive as illustrating how as small a thing as a misplaced comma may paraphrase panegyric and pervert philosophy.

The comedian scratched his fat chin thoughtfully, and remained discreetly silent, feeling, no doubt, that the conversation had got just a little beyond him. The Lyceum School man made a pencil mem. on an envelope, and the tragedian continued:

"I had contemplated for to day a sail upon the noble Hudson, aye, even to the capitol of our Empire State, where Mr. O'Flanagan, Mr. O'Gall, Mr. O'Gunn, Mr. O'Gall, Mr. McGinn, Mr. McSwag and Mr. O'Boodie do make laws for the government of the free and untrammelled American citizen. But when I visited my father's brother with a view to furthering this design, there appeared between that relative and myself a difference of opinion as to the relative value of certain collaterals so great as to cause a temporary abandonment of my plans. And so for the nonce I'll back in the rosy noon-day sun, and bid me to the inviting green that glows athwart the Rialto."

"Speaking of a sail upon the Hudson," began the man with the duster, "reminds me of an incident that occurred—"

"In Sacramento?" asked the fat comedian.

"No, sir," continued the man with asthma, "this one ante-dates even the days of '49." Indeed it takes us way back into the thirties, and it has come down to me through two generations. Uncle Ben Baker is my sponsor for this one: Among the early exponents of the drama in this country was the Chapman family, the grand-parents of the present generation of that family, now doing honorable service in various branches of the profession. At the time now under consideration the Chapman had a theatre of their own. It was not exactly built upon the sand, but upon a flat-bottom, and floated with the current from town to town along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The guild was little better than vagabonds then. No private hotel cars, no special trains, no palace hotels, no glided temples of Theopie. It was a daily struggle, and some days a very hard one, for the necessities of life. The players, of course, lived on the boat, and in the absence of money were frequently obliged to take vegetables, eggs, poultry, etc., for tickets. Mrs. Chapman sold tickets and played the heavy leads. She had a little office on the bow of the boat, with bins and compartments for receiving the merchandise, and directly over her head was a little sliding trap-door, which opened into a chicken coop, on the roof. One evening about 1855, the Chapman's Theatre was tied to a stake near the boat landing at New Madrid, Mo. The play was to be Othello. John Smith was the Othello, and Wm. Wharum the Iago. Times were hard and money scarce, but green corn, eggs and chickens came in plentifully, and many times had Mrs. Chapman before going back to dress for Amelia, opened the little door over her head, and pushed a nice fat pullet into the coop.

"Wharum was a devoted fisherman, and at almost any hour of the day or night could be found on the outer edge of the boat angling for cat-fish. In those days there were cat in the Mississippi weighing from twenty to seventy-pounds, and one of them once fastened to the monster hook, it required both skill and strength to land him. The stage was on the rear of the boat, and this night Wharum was fishing directly opposite the R.I.E., his seat not more than four feet from the stage. He had fished the entire afternoon without a bite, and after dressing for Iago he went at it again. "The colored boy, who was 'general utility' about the boat, would hold the line when Wharum went on for his scenes. The curtain went up on the third act, and Wharum heard his cue for entering with Othello. He looked

for the boy, but he was gone; again the cue was given and there wasn't a thing at hand to which he could make fast his line, and he couldn't afford to let it go, so bending down he tied the end firmly about his ankle and rushed on the stage just in time to catch his cue on the third repeat. "Sweet wench, perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not chaos is come again," quoth Othello. Then he crossed left, and caught his foot in Iago's fish-line. ("What in h— is that?" growled Smith, and Iago answered 'my fish-line.') "Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, know of your love?" "Oh, yes, and went between us very oft," said Othello. Then he started to cross, but saw the fish-line and remained in left corner. Iago began to get his work in now, and had just said, "Beware my lord, of jealousy, it is the green-eyed monster—" when his right leg went out from under him like a shot. He gathered himself quickly and tried it again: "monster that doth make the meat it feeds"—and then came a succession of quick, savage jerks at Iago's leg, which nearly upset him a second time. Determined not to lose his fish Wharum interpolated: "My lord, I fear that in my great love I have gone too far. (Jerks jerks!) I will leave you one moment to your thoughts, anon I will return." And reaching down he grabbed the line and rushed for the side of the boat. And then the fun commenced. Othello sat down, buried his face in his hands, and waited for Iago to land his game. Cassio, Roderigo and Desdemona eagerly watched the struggle. Finally the monster cat, after pulling as though he weighed a ton, suddenly changed his tactics, jumped clear of the water and landed on the boat. The sudden slackening of the terrible tension took Iago so completely by surprise that he staggered back and fell his length on the stage, in full view of the audience, dragging the forty-pound cat fish after him."

"Did Uncle Ben furnish you with any data or circumstantial evidence of the historical accuracy of this cat-fish story?" asked the tragedian.

"Not exactly; he simply jotted the points down from memory on a Fund letter-head."

"That is of *fund*-al," said the comedian, but the painful stillness with which the remark was received convinced him that it was ill-timed.

"But the funniest part of the performance came afterward," continued the man with the duster. "Between acts Amelia and Brabantio would slip out to count up, or, rather, weigh up, the receipts. They found two dollars and ten cents in cash, twenty-two watermelons, three dozen eggs, and a small supply of sweet potatoes and green corn. Every seat was filled. 'There must have been a big run on chickens to-night,' said Brabantio Chapman, seeing the meagre assets in other directions. 'Indeed there was,' replied Amelia; 'there must be at least fifty nice fat pullets in the coop.' Papa Chapman rushed up to get a look at them, and horror of horrors! the coop was empty! And what do you suppose those miserable New Madridians had done? They had 'faked' one pullet on the old lady all the evening, using a little bare-footed nigger to slip up over the stern of the boat and steal it out as fast as she put it in, and when the whole town was in the nigger stole the chicken on his own account and went home."

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were good Methodists, but it is reported that the atmosphere about that flat-bottom became suddenly blue when the true inwardness of the scheme dawned on the old gentleman. 'And to think that those miserable Missouri heathens should be quietly enjoying a Shakespearean masterpiece, played as only the Chapmans can play it, for two dollars and ten cents each and twenty-three watermelons! D— a 'em! But I'll be even with 'em!'

"The curtain had just run up on the fourth act, and the old man slipped his cables and pushed his 'temple of Theopie' out into the current and went on with the play. Just before the curtain fell on the last act he pushed in shore and made fast, and that audience had to walk home ten miles through a swamp."

"In more serious vein," said the tragedian, "I feel called upon to intimate to you that my time of rest and recreation is nearing its end, and these, our pleasant confabs, our soulful intermingling of facts and fictions of our noble guild, past and present, must soon be numbered among the treasured stores of memories. Possibly our next gathering will be the last until the warm suns of another June shall draw to this busy mart the wandering children of Theopie."

MILTON MOORE.

PERSONAL.

THOMPSON—Alfred Thompson is spending the Summer at Far Rockaway, L. I.

SHAW—Alice Shaw, the American whistler, whistled before the Prince of Wales a couple of weeks ago, and it is said that royal functionary nearly blistered his hands in applauding the handsome American.

WILSON—Francis Wilson, during his ailing abroad, is said to have purchased two French comedies, which he will have translated and adapted to the American stage, and in which he proposes to star in 1890. Mr. Wilson will then relinquish the comic opera stage. He is capable of doing excellent dramatic work, and there is no reason, with an acceptable play, why he should not find his way to the front.

TEARLE—Osmond Tearle is resting at Southall in Middlesex preparatory to opening his starring tour. At the three performances

at Stratford on Avon commemorative of Shakespeare's birthday, which Mr. Tearle has been selected to give, he will present a version, edited by Mr. Flower, of the first part of Henry VI, which has not been acted since the Restoration. This will doubtless be an interesting event and will attract considerable attention from Shakespearean students.

Can We Forget?

The whistling winds a tale unfold—
As they discard their crowns of gold—
A tale of sorrow often told
Of some despairing, hopeless heart
Who which blind Cupid's poisoned dart
A bitter pain doth now impart.

Can we forget?
With vain regret his soul is seared
For the bright illusions disappeared;
For golden visions once adored
By fond connection with the days
When they sang their sweet roundelays,
And he believed 'twould last always.

Ah, vain regret!
His love grew cold, and straying went,
And a sad'ning gloom o'er his life was spent.
While his faith was dead and his heart was rent.
The architect of waking dreams
In a measure life's turmoil redeems,
But's not the builder that he seems.

We would forget!
But time and reason smooth his pain,
And his wayward love came back again.
So tired of roaming that she fain
Would rest for aye in the sheltering fold
Of his arms' embrace, her pardon told
In every clasp of their girle bold.

We do forget!
FRANK DUBNER.

Beauty.

There's beauty in forest and field, when earth
Puts on the mantle of Spring;
There's beauty in Autumn's of equal worth
When harvest its treasures bring.

There's beauty in river and brook and stream,
When sunken they flow to the sea;
When they roar and leap and sparkle and gleam
And dance o'er the pebbles in glee.

And the ocean deep has a beauty grand
When the wind and waves are at play,
When the surges beat on the golden strand
And lave it with silver spray.

There's beauty in glen and in mountains tall,
And clouds have a beautiful grace;
But a greater beauty than these, than all,
Is a beautiful woman's face.

OLIVER JURGENSEN.

Brought Low.

There lived a maiden fair,
And cruel, too,
Her lovers scarce did dare
To breathe out on the air
Their sad love true.

She granted none her grace,
Nor smiled on one,
Though he might praise her face
And kneel down in one place,
From sun to sun.

"They still must love me more,"
The maiden cried,
"And say it better, too, before
I even look down kindly, or
Give up my pride."

Yet when Love came the maid
Drooped low her eye,
And with heart sore, afraid
Upon her knees she stayed,
Praying Love bid her rise.

E. V. S.

The Actresses' Corner.

In Boston I saw some black lace, very wide, hung up for show in a store, over rich yellow silk—silk so rich that the surface took a peachy bloom, you know. It seemed queer that such handsome stuff should be used just to show off the pattern of ordinary lace; so Polly finished buying her hair-curiers and went over to investigate. The lace was hung over the commonest yellow cotton stuff; the effect was made by ordinary tartan, book muslin, or whichever of its many names you know the commonest thin white stuff by, being laid over the yellow between it and the lace. I don't know why the same effect might not be secured with other colors than yellow and other lace than black. If your "belles" part needs a new ball dress or tea-gown, you might try it and save something, mightn't you?

Of course, Spanish lace is rather out now, and we are all rather tired of beads; still you can make an old Spanish lace piece quite gorgeous by sewing oblong jet beads—they come flat on one side—to the petals of the round flowers. Don't cover all the flowers so. Give yourself a girdle—pointed front and back, you know—or a poke, or just collar and cuffs, or just where the lace covers the bare skin of arms and neck. If the beads can be gotten in transparent white glass, I should think much might be done with white lace. Transparent white glass beads are very effective anyhow. "Coward" looking as nothing else is.

If you expect to play *From Front Seat* season, and have lots of time now while you are playing "Dance Madam wish to see the Count" make a lot of white glass bead fringe, using gold or silver thread on which to string the beads. I fancy a white tulle dress much ornamented with pale pink flowers, all "dew-dropped" with these beads, would be lovely. If I didn't have red hair, and wasn't playing "beauties," I suppose I would keep that notion to myself.

I walked down Broadway this morning behind a girl who wore no corsets. Most of us know that our dresses fit really better in the back without corsets than with, except perhaps, that we are a little square-looking at the waist line. Now this girl got rid of the "square" part by soft stuff being sewed rather full into the seams each side of the middle back seam, from the waist line about half way up the back. These scarlet-like pieces were drawn around in front just under the breast line, tied in a full, soft knot and somehow gotten rid of in a "Fedora" fashion that was charming and not at all out of the conventional, so as to be conspicuous. While behind her, I realized that the perfect curves of a good Redfern figure may be very fine, but somehow the woman did not seem to begin till above the collar and in the graceful line of the skirt drapery; it looked human, and the right sort of thing beside, to see some trace of active muscles and lungs under that girl's bodice.

If we can avoid ugliness, as for instance the front of a dress, cut to wear over corsets, is

ugly when worn without them, and far from modest, too, and yet, let our human self prove its presence beneath its proper covering, we will be more comfortable, and what is more to the point, more satisfactory to look at. I know one girl who has a business suit, hooded and so on like a corset, which sews or bones into the inside side seams of her bodices, and clasps like a corset, independent of the dress in front. This makes tailor-made effect in front possible by supporting the form in conventional lines, leaves the back free and makes lacing impossible. When I get rich enough to dress as I please I shall try that, though she tells me the side seams have to be good and solid, and the material of the dress, too.

Here is a pretty idea for a slender figure. I am stupid about telling of dresses, because I don't know dressmakers' terms: The bodice fits like any other about the waist, and up as far as the darts are cut; above that it lies in soft fullness, arranged in irregular horizontal folds from arm hole to arm-hole. Am I clear? It was my friend's own idea, and she said she nearly made a lunatic of her dressmaker. Go and try it.

I hear that Miss Cayvan has tubs of benzine in which she has her maid wash silk dresses now and then. Whether Miss Cayvan does it or not, if a tub of benzine is going to be more reasonable than the average cleaner's charges, I'm in for the tub—smell or no smell. I wonder if I have told you that salt, immediately put on, will save a cloth dress from stain of wine or ink spilled on it. Brush the salt off as fast as it absorbs the wine, and rub fresh salt on till the cloth seems quite dry. This treatment—and prayer—saved a brown cloth dress which was suddled all down the front with black ink, and which I was too sure was a goner—to rub the salt on with any real enthusiasm—and a light grey cloth waist which came in all over the sleeve for a glass of claret. Neither dress bears a mark of its accident.

I am told that the secret of the perfect fit of real tailor-made gowns, and the lasting of the fit, is that the pieces of the waist are subjected to a thorough stretching and pulling process before being put together according to the final measurements. Thus treated, there is no more "pull" to them, and the fit is not only a thing of beauty (I said awhile ago that it wasn't, didn't I?) but a joy forever—more or less. All this is a little late though. I fancy, for I really do not believe we are going to swing back, and be improper in the Eugenie and Directoire fashion, instead of calling ourselves "propriety," because we are outlined in every course by whalebone and steel, instead of suggested as movement makes them in curve and line through drapery. Drapery is certainly more "proper" than tight, if it comes to that, and tailor makers are tight, or not much better after all. I expect I have said something awful now! Good-bye.

POLLY.

Each Has Its Orbit.

A certain wise man being consulted by a yokel greatly baffled in his attempts to solve the problem of the universe, the sage advised him that every man had better give his attention to his own cabbage garden. This humble admonition may be just now addressed to those who are perturbed with the subject of the status of the stage relatively to the church, all of which is gratuitous, considering that the exploitation has no ground-work to go upon.

The two vehicles may run along on parallel lines, but each has its own track and has no class engagement requiring it to observe and supervise the deportment and courses of the other.

For this there are abundant reasons in the special functions, designs, purposes and achievements of each.

There may be said to be a certain interchange and reciprocity between the pulpit and the stage, in as far as they partake of the element of universality which permeates all the pursuits of man.

We do not expect to have sermons from the stage or the complications of plot and character from the pulpit. Each is entitled to a clear orbit of its own, which all men may take note of and respect the planetary conditions of the one and the other.

The more distinct and independent they are kept the more faithfully and accurately will each fulfill its mission. From each orb of power is shed its own light distinctly and in full force, appealing to its own phase of human nature, illuminating and fulfilling it in its own way.

The cross purposes arising from intervention on either side creates nothing but confusion and obstruction, mystifies the public and takes away from the two great agencies the integral effects belonging to each in its place, and may be said to create disturbing and misleading issues.

Any results which the stage might derive from sermonizing or the pulpit from play acting are contraband, and so far lessen the legitimate momentum and influence of each.

The truths we have advanced are illustrated by all the great dramatists of the world who have never made topical use of religion and have employed the mythic element only as a loquacious exhibition of the imagination to enforce its dramatic motif.

NESTOR.

Professional Dossage.

—J. C. Kline, the comedian, will shortly start upon the road in his new comedy, *Help Wanted*. Mr. Kline has been upon the stage many years, having made his first appearance with Mrs. John Ward when she was in this country. Many good wishes will follow him in his new venture.

—John Elder, so long identified with Cleveland theatrically, is about to retire from the management of the Park Theatre in that city. The Park has not been prosperous since it was rebuilt. A grand benefit is being talked about to behalf of the veterans before he relinquishes the theatre.

—The four holiday weeks have thus been placed for O'Brien's new spectacle, *The Twelve Temptations*: Thanksgiving, Grand Opera House, Washington; Christmas, Academy of Music, Philadelphia; New Year's, Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, and Washington's Birthday, Hollis Street Theatre, Boston.

—The People's Theatre, Charleston, S. C., under the management of F. L. and J. F. O'Neill, is the popular theatre of that city, and has a seating capacity of 1,600. Professionally its dressing-rooms and conveniences are the best of any in the South. T. H. Winnett, No. 50 Union Square, is the New York representative.

—The following people have been engaged to represent the drama, *Deep a Dark*, the coming season: W. T. Bryant, James Bevin, J. C. Harrington, E. S. Harwood, W. W. Black, Louis Thiel, Lisle Richmond, Julia Wilson, Lena W. Cole, Clara Throp, Alice Greene, and Clarence L. Rogers, leader of orchestra.

—E. M. Gardiner is not a victim to the superstitious of the profession. He has thirteen people in his Streets of New York company, begins rehearsals on August 11, and opens the season on Friday night, August 14. In spite of this combination of circumstances, Mr. Gardiner announces that he is happy and is confident of a successful season.

—Clara Beckett, a well-known actress and manager of the Pacific ship, arrived here last week for the

purpose of producing several new plays of California origin, which she believes will create a genuine sensation. She has a melodrama which she deems stronger than anything produced in this country for years. It is yet unnamed.

—The following people have been engaged for George W. Moore's *My Aunt Bridget* company: Edward Cameron, Tony Murphy, R. J. Ward, Ella B. Gardiner, Mabel Florence, Dot Harrison, Polly Carey, Celia L. Westworth, W. Gardiner, R. B. Moore will be the manager. R. G. Pray, the advance agent, and George Croger, musical director.

—The following is the full company engaged for A Possible Case, which opens its next season at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on September 21: George Drew Barrymore, Dorothy Dorr, Nanette Comstock, Kate Osterlie, Lella Wolstan, Jeannie Harold, M. A. Kennedy, F. M. Burbeck, Daniel Leeson, Robert Hilliard, J. H. Broome, Robert Percy and George Devere.

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MANAGERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

The citizens of Altoona will gladly testify that there will be only ONE new popular first class Opera House in Altoona after Oct. 1, 1888, when the new Eleventh Avenue will be opened with Mr. and Mrs. FLORENCE. The following affidavits will settle this matter conclusively:

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

COUNTY OF BLAIR,

My signature to the article recently published, in regard to the new Eleventh Avenue Opera House, Altoona, Pa., was placed there under a misapprehension, and not as I understood its meaning to be. Its purport was shown to be a certificate of merits of the Mountain City Theatre and no reflection on the new Eleventh Avenue Opera House, not yet completed.

I have appointed a commission of able and competent builders who, in conjunction with the City Engineer, are supervising the construction of the building, and who will see that its strength and solidity are beyond question.

The work on the Opera House, so far, warrants me in stating that the citizens of Altoona will have one of the finest places of amusement in the State.

I desire to correct any misgivings in regard to this new place of amusement that my error may have caused.

I subscribed to the same article, understanding it just as Mayor Turner did, and most cheerfully desire to correct the statement. I speak knowingly when I hereby testify that the new Eleventh Avenue Opera House meets the favor of our people, and must always be immensely popular.

S. A. LUTZ, Proprietor Globe Hotel.

Case KLAU & ERLANGER, Taylor's Exchange, 23 E. 14th Street, New York City, until September 1, after that date, Altoona, Pa.

Personally appeared before me, W. D. Couch, a Notary Public, residing in the city of Altoona, J. Thos. Baltzell, Jr., who being duly sworn in form of law, doth depose and say that the signature to the foregoing statement of Edmund H. Turner, Mayor of the city, and S. A. Lutz, proprietor of the Globe Hotel, are genuine and made and attached to the several articles in my presence.

Furthermore, it is a well known public fact that Mr. Plack spent about four days soliciting signatures to his article against the Eleventh Avenue Opera House. Of the four names obtained, Mr. Olmes and Mr. McCauley are relatives—the former through a relative financially interested in the Mountain City Theatre—and the Mayor and Mr. Lutz explain above how their names were obtained.

Most of the prominent citizens of Altoona, during the past week, voluntarily came to the subscriber and stated that they had been approached by Mr. Plack for their signatures to his paper and which they refused to give. They pronounced the method an outrage, unworthy of fair business competition, untruthful, and pledging their earnest and heartfelt efforts and support to further the interests of the New Eleventh Avenue Opera House.

J. THOS. BALTZELL, JR.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of July, 1888.

W. D. COUCH, Notary Public.

E. D. GRISWOLD, Manager.

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